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FANNE FOXE REPORTS ON CHICAGO'S SEXWORLD

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The
All
True
National Sex News Magazine

"I WAS AN
OFF-STAGE
MOVIE
MOUTH"

DISCOSEX '77:
THE
HUMPIEST
HUSTLE

STAG FILMS
ON CAMPUS

THE SPRINKLE
SURVEY:
"MY CRAZIEST
CUM"

SEX AND
THE BLIND

FROOTS: A BOY/GIRL'S ANCESTRAL SEARCH ■ PRE-PILL PREVENTATIVES

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ANDREA AMBERS
Associate Editor

HERB JONAS
Executive Art Director

MIKE FOLDES
Managing Editor

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Assistant Editors

C.B. LUCCI
Art Assistant

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MISS VICKIE LOU
KINKY WINKLE
Contributing Editors

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OUR GANG

Further on in this issue you will find a spoof on Alex Haley's superbook, *Roots*. Actually, it's a pretty shitty piece of writing (I should know, I wrote it) but it does contain a yok or two every now and then.

Because of the nature of the satire, however, I thought a few serious words should be uttered as preface. We hope that you all enjoy the piece as it was intended—as good dirty fun. But often ethnic humor serves to obscure very serious, very real, and very emotional wrongs. I wouldn't feel right about doing this spoof if we didn't indicate our solidarity with the disenfranchised, the abused, and the culturally-enfettered.

In the past, CHERI has directed its satire and sarcasm at the powerful, the power-hungry, the puritanical and the oppressive. With one curious exception—women. Women are frail, submissive, long-suffering, and won't punch you out or hold you hostage if you tell a joke at their expense. So they are easy targets.

Our *Froots* piece takes potshots at blacks, gays, and Jews—three other minorities which have received miserable treatment by our democracy as well as the influence-wielders on our globe.

Haley's book all too clearly delineates the incredibly vicious history of white man's inhumanity to black man in these United States. It is a sinister chronicle without redeeming argument for any of white America's past beliefs or deeds. And the abuse and oppression are far from over—the decay of the American city is a classic example of racist prejudice in action. The white American establishment clearly feels that saving the cities no longer benefits white Americans.

In its dealings with black Americans, the men's magazine field has had an embarrassingly shoddy record. When I first came to work on the skin books almost a decade ago I was told to refer to all black models as "Haitian" or "African" in my copy or else they would be assumed to be cheap downtown whores.

Another of the common practices of this industry was *not* to show black men with white women. The argument was that you wouldn't be able to get your magazine on Southern newsstands. But I always felt that deep-down the urban publishers and distributors couldn't stomach the lady of the house being violated by a servant. On the other hand, it was perfectly all right to show a white man making it with a black woman. I have to admit that I myself took the coward's way out—I decided if I couldn't show it one-way, I would show neither and thereby pretend that things like that weren't happening in our world.

A few years ago, Larry Flynt showed Bad Black Butch and his mythical fifteen-inch supercock with a lovely young white chick. I'm told the issue sold out. Since then, it's been groovy to show blacks and whites together in any combination. Why? Publishers are businessmen and they don't want their biases to interfere with their bucks. Some "breakthrough", huh?

As for Jews, the history of their oppression is one of the great motifs of Western culture. And it, too, is not abating. In fact, the whole energy crisis seems to be a great Anti-Jewish conspiracy that could eventually lead to another round of genocide, all promoted by our oil-dependency on the Arabs.

There is an argument that gays should not be included among the oppressed minorities because they weren't born with their stigma, because they chose to be what they are. This is a specious argument. A person has a right to choose to be anything he or she wants to be as long as he or she doesn't deprive someone else of this right. A person on the verge of deciding on sexual preference must have open and humane options. We support the rights of gays to social equality in all aspects of our national life.

In summation, we hope you are able to share a guffaw or two with us in "Froots." We do not wish to imply by printing it that we consider the condition of blacks, gays or Jews improved enough to give them leverage in this culture. For minorities in this country, things remain universally rotten. We join with them in their tears—and in their laughter.

—Peter Wolff

She Ain't Heavy, She's Mah Sister

The place is Chicago. The gal with the whatthefuck look on her face is our own Fanne Foxe. The lady with the jigantic jugs is our own Cherry Bomb. Admit it, when we put on a show, we put on a show and a half! Every month. Every page. Get on the case. Subscribe today!

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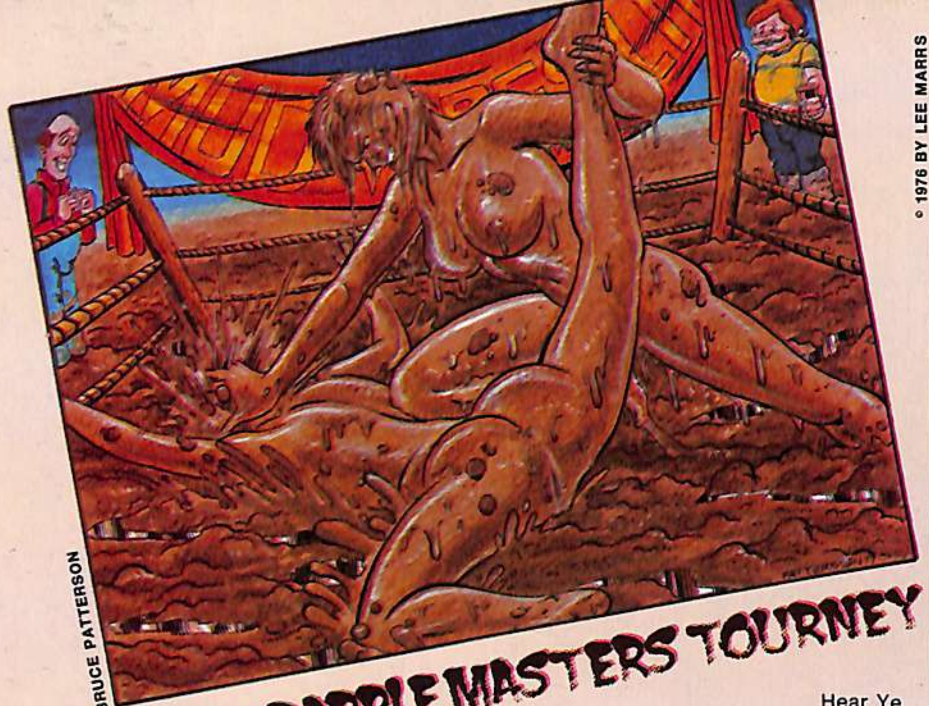
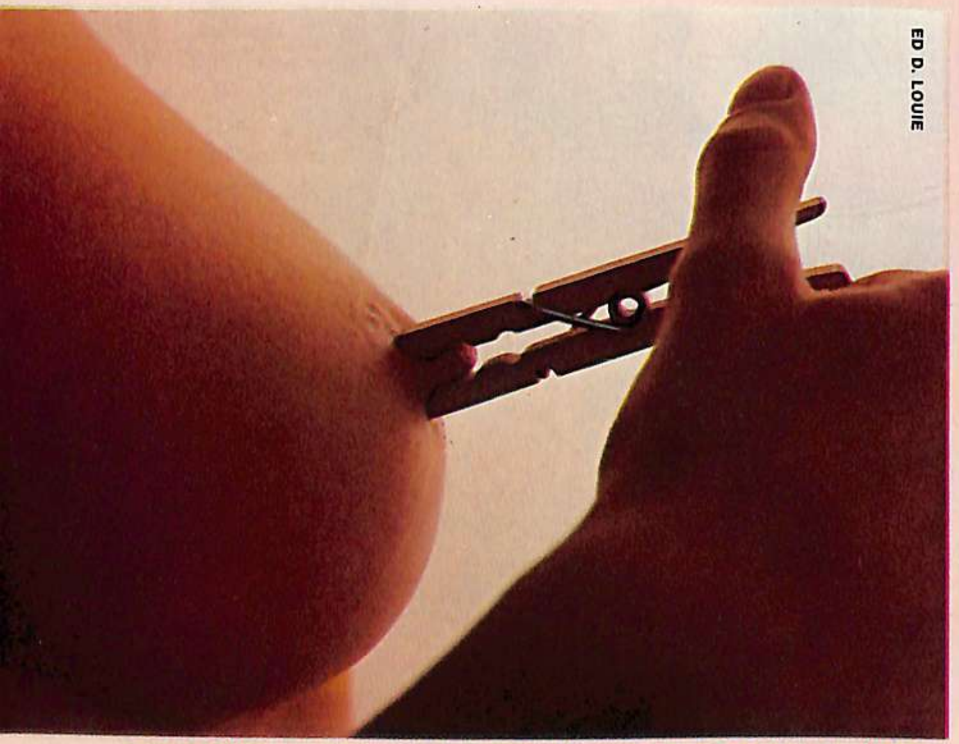

BRUCE PATTERSON

MUDGRAPPLE MASTERS TOURNEY

Hear Ye, Hear Ye . . . If you know girls who want to grapple in grime, who'd die to hustle in humus, now is the time to get them prepared for CHERI's Nude Mud Wrestling Championship. Just send us a recent photo, with your name, phone number and address on the back.


ED D. LOUIE

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Self sufficient sado-masochists can administer the pleasures of pain themselves with this inexpensive, elementary tool available from local hardware stores and corner groceries. Express both sides of your sensational personality in one simple pinch. And it fits all sizes, too . . .

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FREE FREAKOUT

Flash! I'm in a dream. It's a big room, filled with people. All staring at me. Naked, my prick sticking out, stiff and enormous. Everybody is dressed but myself. They are packed against one another. I look around to escape, there is no way out.

Cotati is a small town, 2300 people, in rural northern California. Sheep and cows graze in pastures not more than a block from the downtown business area. Except for two blocks "downtown" there are no sidewalks in Cotati, with ditches on either side of the streets to drain off the rain into the local brook. It is quiet and restful—and something else.

It happens on this occasion at The Last Great Hiding Place, a sleepy, coffee-shop restaurant. It is the second anniversary performance of Free Store. Two men and a woman, Loretta, Vito, and Karl. A wag quipped, "they should be called 'Loretta and the Dildoes'."

Are these people a theatre? Seeing and hearing them is a shattering experience, a dream materialized. All three are painted in brilliant acrylic colors from head to foot. Appended to the torsos of the men are enormous protruding pricks. If it were not for the contemporary ideas they express you would imagine these creatures were a ritualist manifestation.

ISHA

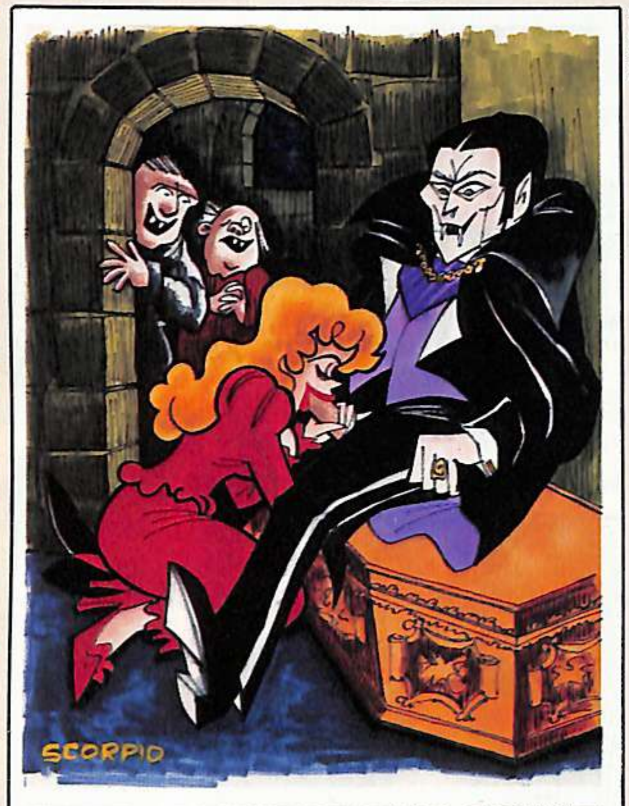
It is The Dream. It is your dream, bizarre, grotesque; you are one with the performers, and you know it. What do they say? It is song and dance . . . the words are your own: bestiality, incest, fetishism, love, hatred. Popular emotional hangups, environmental energy crises: "We must reduce the use of the electrical vibrator by 50 percent," harangues and admonitions, a kaleidoscope of impressions, half-apprehended innuendo that leaves the audience and players stunned and waiting for something.

The Players themselves do not anticipate the costume and make-up changes from show to show. Dressed or nude, angels or demons, but always painted. Unannounced, suddenly they are before you. At any gathering, guerillas, uninvited, no one interrupts. It could and can happen anywhere for you. Watch for it, you are in FREE STORE.

cheri

AMERI

More Balling Hookers



SCORPIO

GOIN' DOWN FOR THE COUNT

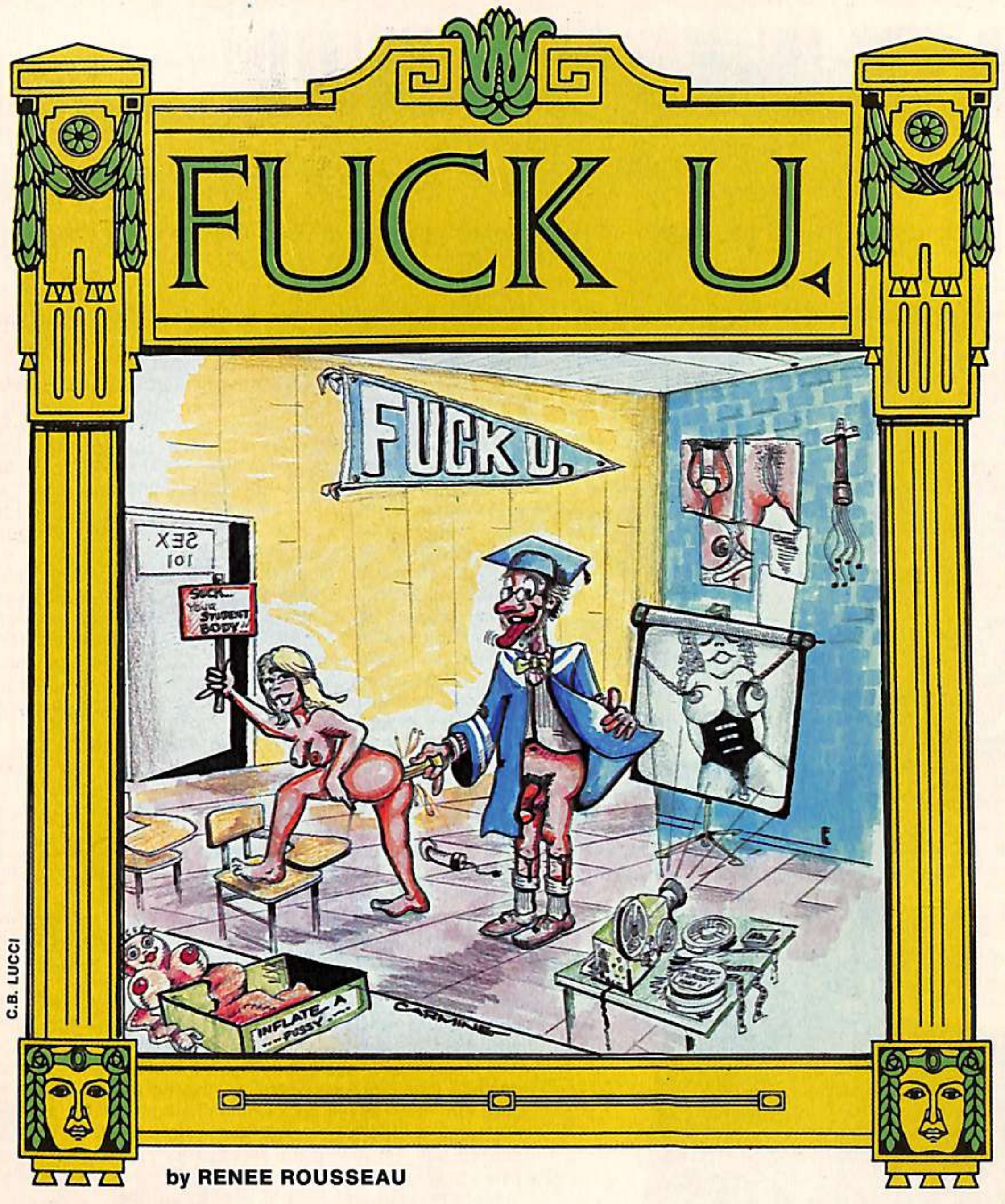
STEVE FRIEDMAN

BOBI AND DEL, WE LOVE YOU Apologies are in order for all readers who misunderstood our Miami copy on Bobi (with an i) and Del's swing club, Playhouse 1. Members of the organization want us to emphasize the following points.

1. It is strictly a club for swingers to socialize in (all actual swinging is done off-premises).
2. No liquor is sold. Private bottles only.
3. It is in Broward County not Dade.
4. Prostitutes may be there for *fun* only—never profit. Playhouse 1 is a great club and Bobi and Del are charming, compatible hosts. We hope on your next trip down to Miami you'll send them our warmest, swingingest regards.

Last month's lewd shenanigans were politely rendered in "Welcome Hookers, Part 1," a rapacious review of the carnal carnival conducted by COYOTE at the newly reopened Copacabana in New York. Somehow, we left out these hot shots of hustlers and hussies boogeyin' to "Shake your Body," "Stick Your Rocket in the Socket," and other not-so-great grinding disco rhythms.

This series of shots recounts the fact that things did progress, and in fact, got more than a little hot as the evening wore on. But don't kid yourself. This was no free love-in. Donations were not only considered but taken, and all receipts went to the organization's war chest to help them carry on the crusade for Equal Hooker's Rights. Don't worry, we'll keep you abreast of latest events, including the next Ball, when and where it happens.



C.B. LUCCI

by RENEE ROUSSEAU

It's Monday morning in the auditorium of a well-known American medical school. Students file in slowly and take their seats to await the lecture. As you glance around at the many bright young faces you notice something strange. Do your eyes deceive you, or are there really dozens of pornographic pictures and posters plastered all over the auditorium walls?

Sure enough, there they are: lavish centerfolds from horny magazines for men and women; day-glo "Make Love Not War" banners; old head-shop favorites like the pregnant girl scout "Be Prepared!" poster; even a drawing of two huge animals fucking above the caption, "Love is a lot of bull."

Before you can find out what the hell is going on, a middle-aged man strides up to the podium, clearing his throat, rattling a few papers. All eyes are upon him. "Welcome," he says huskily, "to our annual course in Human Sexuality . . ."

"Aha," you say, "here's another of those Dick and Jane avoid-the-issue sex courses that med schools feel obligated to sponsor every so often to pat themselves on the back, believing that they're keeping up to date with the latest social and medical trends. These programs usually offer little more than some doddering, sexually repressed menopausal male or female mumbling something about 'orgasmic rsponses' that they read about ten years ago in Masters and Johnson."

Well think again, 'cause this time you're in for a mighty sticky surprise! For one week a year, off go the labcoats and on go the garters as these lucky med students get a funky look at the brazen realities of fucking and sucking as practiced in the backseats and bathtubs of America.

It makes sense. After all, a rookie doctor, drooling over his coveted degree, who has buried his nose in textbooks for the last zillion years, has little time for reading the likes of CHERI Magazine, which would've thoroughly educated him in the three P's: porn, promiscuity, and perversion.

So here's a young doctor sequestered from sex like a monk in a monastery. What if a pert young thing sashays into his office complaining of pain because somebody stuck a ripe cucumber a little too far up her ass during an orgy last week. It just might shock the Doc!

The organizers of this sex conference think doctors should be able to cope with any problem a patient brings to them, without freaking over what they might personally think is bizarre. As the catalogue puts it: ". . . for most of us, our understanding of sex is so inadequate and inaccurate that our attitudes are based more on myths, prejudices, and emotions than on rational and logical analysis. Once we take a fresh look at our opinions, we can appreciate the need for caution, tolerance, and understanding in formulating ideas on this subject. In addition to learning about sex, we can perhaps learn something about ourselves . . ."

So that's why this prestigious medical school—which will remain anonymous to prevent hordes of lustful porn seekers from crowding out the students next time—becomes "Fuck U" for an annual, week-long festival of erotic overload, where no depravity is too outlandish to explore.

Again, they say it this way: ". . . A course in human sexuality requires exposure to sexually explicit material . . . getting accustomed to viewing such material has been likened to swimming in cold water, and can be accomplished either by gradually inching in deeper and deeper, or by taking a swift plunge. For various reasons we have preferred the latter approach."

That's no lie, 'cause after a few opening remarks, sex week leapt off to a roaring start with a barrage of porn movies affectionately and aptly called "The Fuckerama." A battery of 8 and 16 millimeter projectors opened fire with a multi-screen light show, complete with screwing, cocksucking, homosexuality, masturbation, and even a few dull lab experiments thrown in to maintain an air of respectability.

Nobody quite knew how to react to this prurient medley. Some of the audience tittered, others coughed uncomfortably and looked furtively around, as though they had just slithered into a sleazy porn theater and didn't want to be recognized. A few diligent ones even took notes. After five or ten minutes of popping eyeballs the novelty, and thus the collective nervousness began to wear off. This was how THAT was analyzed: "Part 6. Boredom. Hard-core films are mostly inartistic, deficient in plot or character

(Continued on page 71)

BLIND IS BEAUTIFUL

by PATRICK KING

Pamela Love, sightless since childhood, tells the story of her unusually active sex life.

Many of us have fantasies about what it is like to make love blindfolded. Some of us simply close our eyes. Others use silk scarves. And still others wrap their visions in darkness by using expensive satin masks.

But what is it like being blind? Closing your eyes to the light, and never opening them again?

Pamela Love, our interviewee this month, shed a lot of light on this subject for CHERI readers. Honest, open and completely candid, Pamela speaks of her youth when she was sighted, through her high school and college careers, up to the present situation as it exists in her new home in California.

We think you'll appreciate her experiences as much as we did in hearing them from her.

CHERI: Have you been visually handicapped since birth?
Pamela: No—since I was about six-years-old. Then I got cancer of the eye.
CHERI: Do you have any memory of sight?
Pamela: Colors, some, but that's about all.
CHERI: How does your handicap influence you sexually?
Pamela: Oh, not at all . . . I don't . . . well, it's probably better in a lot of ways because guys are a little more open and relaxed, I think. The first time I did it I even tried a little bit of oral sex with the boy I was with. I'd heard about it and I thought I'd try it, you know, and it was pretty good so I went on from there. I was afraid at first, you know, but I loosened up pretty fast.
CHERI: How old were you when you had your first sexual experience?
Pamela: About sixteen. I was trying to figure out a way to do it, so this boyfriend of mine took me to a hotel. I said that I was going to a girlfriend's, you know. He was about fifteen or sixteen, too. That was the first time I tried it.
CHERI: How do you decide on the type of man you're going to get involved with?
Pamela: I have to meet them. Some guys I talk to on the phone and they want me to fuck them right away. But I say no, I want to meet them first. I can't see them; that's fine, but I like to meet them anyway. If I like their personality and such, then I ask them if it's okay if I feel them. I can get a good idea about people by feeling them. I can tell whether I like their bodies and their faces and everything.
CHERI: When you feel somebody do you start at their face?
Pamela: I usually start at their face . . . and work down. (laughs) Because for one thing, that's probably easier on them. Some of them never had a blind person around them before. They see me and they get turned on, but they're, you know, kind of afraid of me at first. And they're not even sure I'm into it so I kind of have to dress with mini-skirts or something to kind of let them know.
CHERI: What's your favorite thing to do sexually?
Pamela: Well, that's hard to answer. I guess . . . I really like oral sex a lot. I like sucking a guy off.
CHERI: Do you really like getting eaten too?
Pamela: Yeah, I like that.
CHERI: Do you prefer to be with men than women?
Pamela: Well . . . that's a hard one. I'd say normally, yes.
CHERI: But you have special girlfriends?
Pamela: Yeah, I like girls. I like their bodies, I think they're really nice. I like their breasts, you know, and I don't even mind eating them out. I've tried that a lot.
CHERI: How did you first get involved with girls?
Pamela: Well, that was a little slower than the other, I'm afraid. I'd say maybe three-and-a-half, four years ago I tried that. I lived in a dorm at the blind school then I changed and went to college. I met this one girl. I was real good friends with her. One night we were just goofing around. I was always turned on by her but I wouldn't admit it, you know. So, we drank a little bit of wine, got a little bit tipsy, and we started out just letting me feel her a bit. I mean, I don't really get a chance to look at girls to compare 'em like other people do so it was kind of neat to do that.
CHERI: Did you take your clothes off first?
Pamela: Yeah, well, just my top at first. She let me look at hers because I don't get a chance to look and compare myself unless I do that, you know. And that sort of turned me on a lot, you know. And she seemed to get turned on so we went ahead and took off our clothes. Now, we didn't get right into everything at once. It took awhile; a few times. Finally we tried it out, licking out. She was kind of against licking me out at first but we tried it and she seemed to like it. I don't think she's gay either. She seemed more bisexual. I didn't even know that term at the time I tried it really. It's only been the last few years I've admitted it openly.
CHERI: What do you feel when you eat a woman?
Pamela: Well, I like my own body a lot and I masturbate so I just think about myself and I think about the girl. I really like it.
CHERI: Do you like the taste?
Pamela: Yeah. It doesn't bother me. Just the idea of it kind of bothered me at first but when I tried it. . . . Actually I think a guy coming in my mouth was more shocking but I swallow it and it doesn't bother me. But a girl is . . . less messy than than (laughs happily) so I like both.
CHERI: Which do you like the taste of best?
Pamela: I guess a girl in a way.
CHERI: Do you masturbate a lot?
Pamela: Oh, I think I

(Continued on page 92)

AMERI
cheri

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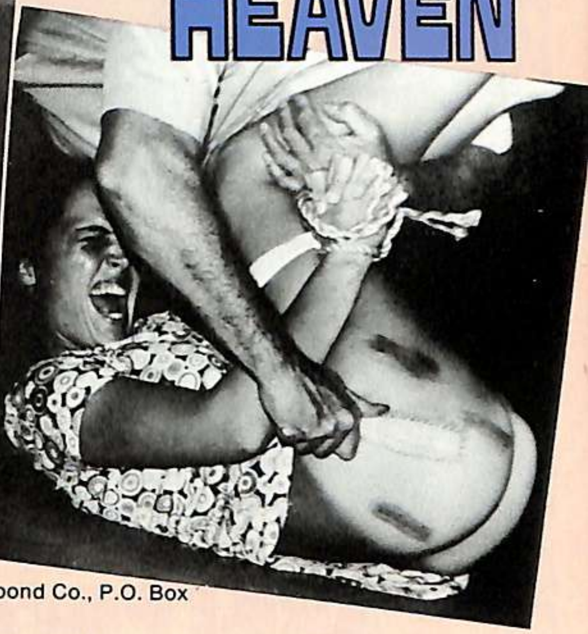
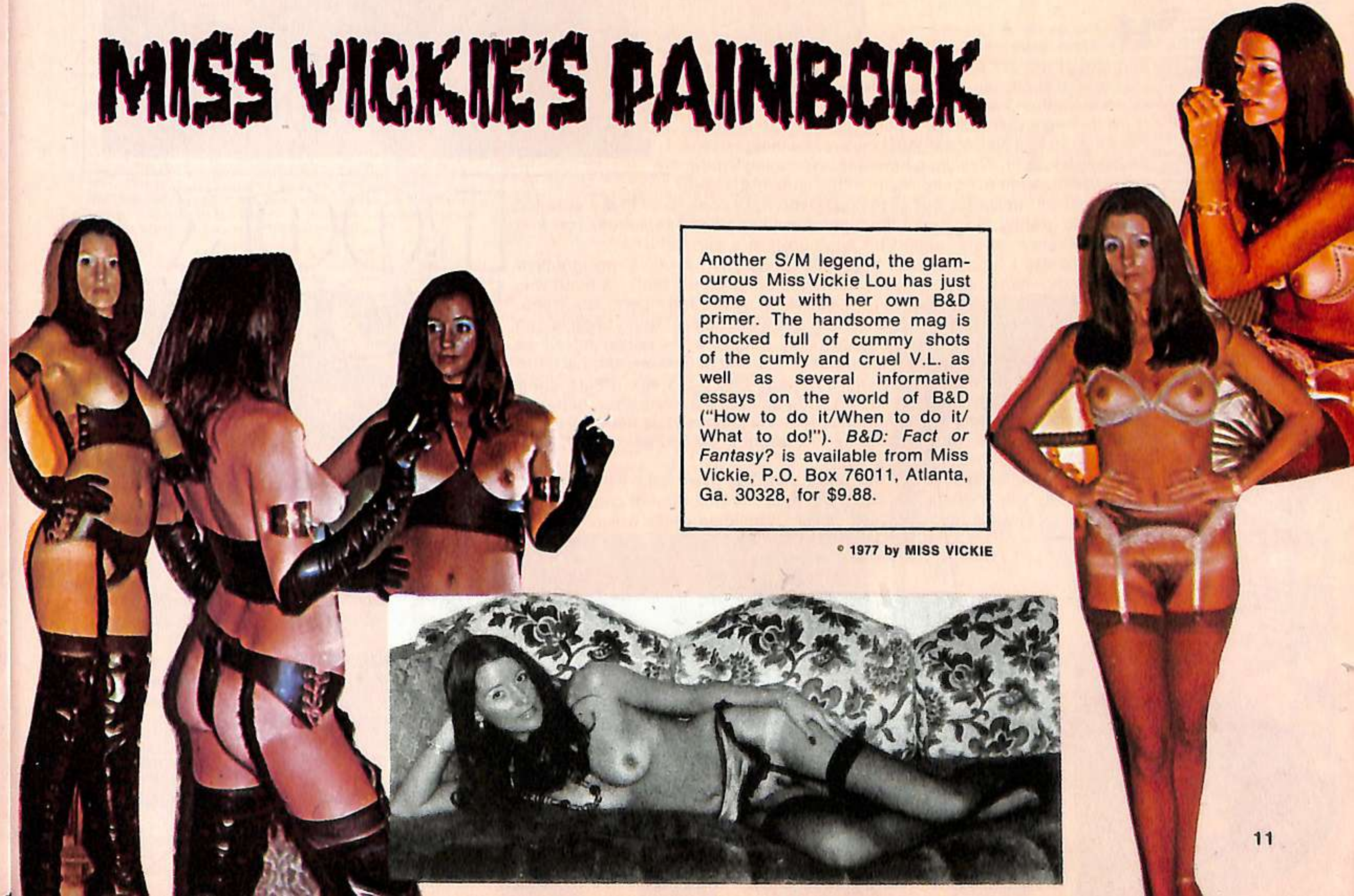
WELCOME TO MASO HEAVEN



Here's a tip of the whip to our old friend James Hartwell for the first issue of his dynamic newspaper, *SM Express*, an honest, straightforward pain publication which, for once, concentrates on female masochists. The rag is simple and painfully purist, telling the tales of such legendary lashees as "Bobo" (pictured above) and the fabulous Barbara R.N. You can get a copy for a dollar (plus postage) from Nubond Co., P.O. Box 2003, N.Y., N.Y. 10001. Hartwell says he isn't offering subscriptions as of yet.

MISS VICKIE'S PAINBOOK



Another S/M legend, the glamourous Miss Vickie Lou has just come out with her own B&D primer. The handsome mag is chocked full of cummy shots of the cumly and cruel V.L. as well as several informative essays on the world of B&D ("How to do it/When to do it/ What to do!"). *B&D: Fact or Fantasy?* is available from Miss Vickie, P.O. Box 76011, Atlanta, Ga. 30328, for $9.88.

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MARIO
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1795-1850
FAMED INVENTOR
OF THE
GOLDEN
SHOWER
SCORPIO

ARE I PEE?

Cherry Bomb's ROCK WORLD

AMERI

cheri

Hi Honeys!

I've been in Atlanta and New York this month, and lots of my old friends are glad to see me attain a measure of sucksess. They always told me I'd be big, in more ways than two.

I did have a hell of a frustrating experience, though. I was invited to a classy swingers club, something I don't usually partake in. This time, however, something inside me made me want to go. So I went to the club and it was very plush and beautiful, but all the guys who were coming on to me were too pushy and grabby. So I spent the night watching other people fuck (my first voyeur experience) and ended up jerking off in a corner.

The next day I set off for New York, and found out that one of my longtime dear friends was really getting his act together. Not only that, his band was completely devastating the N.Y. rock scene. They are the Neon Leon Band, and when they play, the roof shakes and the walls steam. Neon Leon is one of the hottest dudes I've ever met. Obviously, a lot of other women agree, as his female following is huge. He's a great singer and showman, and his band is unreal. Following their gig at Max's Kansas City last week, where there was a line down the block, I asked him to do an interview. The show had sold out, record people were there, and they tore the place up, so Leon was in a jubilant frame of mind. He agreed to talk about anything. The result is a frank and funny talk about rock and sex. During this entire interview, Leon was getting a blowjob.

Cheri: Is rock and roll and sex the same thing? Is there rock without sex?
Leon: No, no such animal. See, when the music first started, it came from a mixture of country western (white) and rhythm and blues (black). I've got an old record called Copulating Blues which to me is one of the first rock and roll records. They used to have little clubs where R&R bands would back up strippers, you know, the kind that suck up money with their pussies, because R&R meant sex, and was banned anywhere else.

Cheri: Why was it banned?
Leon: 'Cause it made kids aware of the fact that they wanted to fuck! It's physical music.
Cheri: What about now? The groupie scene?
Leon: Well, now we've gotten arty (everyone laughs), but look at the biggest groups. Look at the Stones. What's Mick Jagger selling? He's a sex symbol. He sings Stray Cat Blues which is pulling chicks in. I don't care about your I.D., I don't care how old you are. You could be 14 years *(Continued on page 78)*

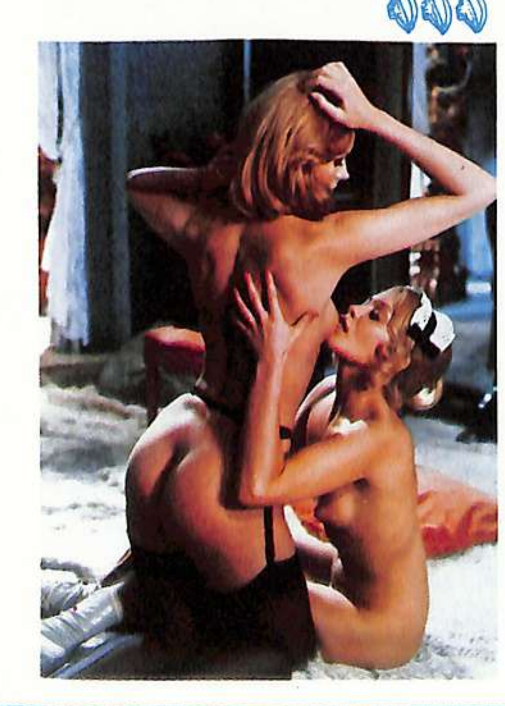
CHERI's monthly review of fliXXX about town

CLAM·O·RAMA

By
ROBERT AMSEL

THE PORN BROKERS This pseudo-serious documentary assures us that porn is as old as great-grandma's snatch, cures constipation, apoplexy, warts, and other diseases. This British production explores porn-making throughout Europe, although the hottest, hairiest scenes are American insertions—in more ways than one. However, if you're reading this magazine, you don't need to be told that porn will perk you up. The distributors—aware of this problem—have decided to kink up some of the celluloid by adding a rape and bestiality sequence on the theory that if nothing else will hype up box office receipts, animal magnetism is a shoe-in.

THE GARDEN OF BEAUTY For a generous glimpse at some of the most tantalizing French tarts since Bardot, this opus will inspire many hot-blooded American males to drip saliva down their chins. Bibs are thus strongly recommended. Based on a porn classic by Apollinaire, *The Garden of Beauty* was filmed prior to the time France went hardcore. Those who require wet scenes for wet dreams will be disappointed. But in areas where hard-X stuff is still verboten, this steamy vehicle will raise eyebrows—and maybe some cocks. The story is about a diehard femme-fancier who finds that fornication always ends in a series of mishaps. But he keeps on trying till the final reel. Though admittedly a tease, *The Garden of Beauty* is so lushly photographed, viewers will think they're on a mescaline trip.

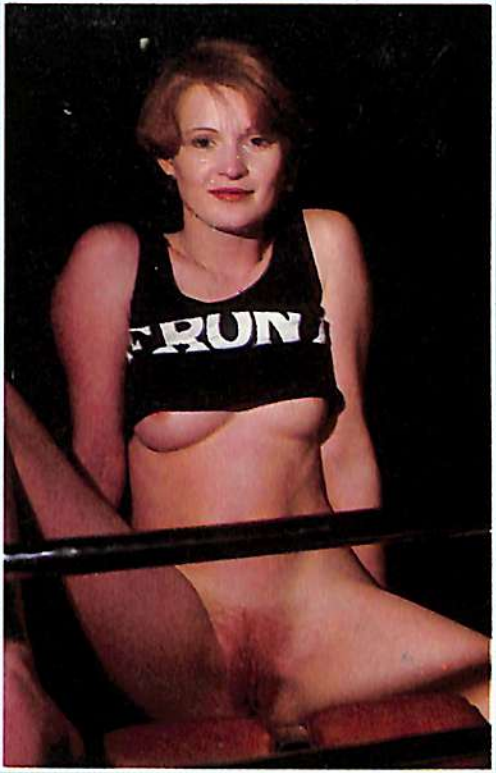


HEAT WAVE *Heat Wave* is an unabashed sex romp, guaranteed to raise your temperature to the boiling point. Mal "Dante" Cross portrays an animated "libido" who inspires various shy men and ladies to give in to their animal urges. There's an accountant who discovers that a secretary is a sex toy, a horny housewife who plays when her cat's away, a dikey teacher who gives French lessons after class, a hubby who is bent on balling baby-sitters, and a prim social worker who craves raunchy, lowlife orgies. The scorching sinematography highlights each lusty, cock-creaming scene. Gloria Leonard, Susan McBain, Ursula Austin and CHERI's own Looselips spread their legs with feline finesse.

THE SWEET TASTE OF HONEY The fuck-up fantasies of a cock-crazed feline provide the meat—along with the juices—of this European import. A mysterious lady checks into a resort hotel. With a revolver in her suitcase and suicide on her mind, she proceeds to fantasize continuously about the cocky man who done her wrong. Only after a series of actual fuck'n'suck scenes—culminating in gang rape—does she realize that love is a pain in the ass, while uninvolved sex is a joy in the crotch. Cynics and unhappy lovers will adore the message, while most audiences will crave its delivery. The honey in the title is a mouth-watering, delicious blending of erotic fantasy and gritty action. Sultry Sandra Martin stars.

BABYFACE Alex deRenzy, the undisputed king of raunch, has once more come up a winner in the sexual marathon sweepstakes. His latest flick is chock full of voluptuous, ever-horny women, dashing studs, cum-coated cinematography, and the hint of a story line. The six-foot-eight hero, Dan Roberts, finds that he must go into hiding after seducing Babyface Priscilla (Lyn Malone), a cock-crazed fifteen-year-old with a vengeful mom. With the cops hot on his tail for statutory rape, Dan finds shelter and pussy in an exclusive whorehouse, where men are the cats and women the "janes." Although much of the acting and script are unintentionally funny, the raincoat crowd can expect a flood from the infinite variety of twat-cock contact.

CAPTAIN LUST Aside from being the first X-rated swashbuckler, *Captain Lust* is a musical bloodbath. Gore and comedy are blended together to the accompaniment of erotic sea chanteys. The complex story makes use of all the pirate adventure cliches—buried treasure, sacrificial virgins, lecherous sea captains, a dashing hero incognito, etc. Unfortunately, the sexual footage is too softcore by today's standards to warrant a high rating. Although I understand that a hotter version was filmed, it was not—inexplicably—shown to porn film reviewers. Still, the movie is Beau "Happy Days" Buchanan's most ambitious effort to date. It stars Wade Nichols, Sharon Mitchell, Jake Teague, Nancy Dare, and Jamie Gillis.



Tiffany Mannix, star of the Country-On-Rush strip show, is Chicago's Number One CHERI fan

By TIFFANY MANNIX

THE BIONIC TONGUE

Later on in this issue, you will find a long article about Chicago by Fanne Foxe. In that article, you will find reference to a jug-juggling joint called Country on Rush. As part of that reference to Country on Rush, you will find the name Tiffany Mannix. That's me.

I'm Tiffany Mannix, a wicked wiggler from the Windy City, and CHERI's latest human reclamation project. As such, I've been asked to write my story for this issue. Which won't be easy. Like I say, I'm a gogo dancer, not a writer. So bear with me.

Who am I? Well, my boyfriend calls me "The Bionic Tongue." Guess why? At Country on Rush, the customers call me "The Maiden with the Magical Mammaries"—and they should know!

"Country" is a pretty neat place to work, considering the sleazo caves my town's full of. But it isn't exactly Vegas either. Which is why it shocked the shit out of all of us when Fanne and the CHERI crew came a-calling.

Let me set the stage for you. It was a slow Saturday afternoon and I'd just finished my first set of the day to a less than enthusiastic round of applause. In fact, my audience had pretty much passed out and knocked over his beer during one of my hottest gyrations. The way I saw it, all I could hustle him out of now was the price of an Alka Seltzer. So I said, "Screw it" and settled in to talk with my fellow gyrators.

All of a sudden this weird, gangly chick storms in like a Secret Service agent at a White House picnic. She's oogling and sniffing everything in the joint. My friends and I immediately figure she's some undernourished street waif looking for a job. Well, imagine my consternation when she marches right up to me and says, "Hey, you are really great looking!" True, when I am half-naked my boobs are first-rate but wild-eyed, roving bulldykes are not my idea of a fun Saturday afternoon. I am about to protest when the wild woman starts babbling things about photographs and articles and Fanne Foxe.

"Whoa, woman!" says I, "take it sloooo. . . ."

"Andrea Ambers," she says, extending her hand. "CHERI Magazine."

CHERI magazine! Outrageous! It's only my Number One Favorite magazine ever! "Tiffany Mannix," I say, "Country on Rush!"

"Peter Hurd," she says, introducing the lens-laden leprechaun who'd just walked in, ". . . and the great Fanne Foxe!" She points to a stunning chick in an outlandishly low-cut fully-filled gown. "Tiffany Mannix," I repeat, extending my hand.

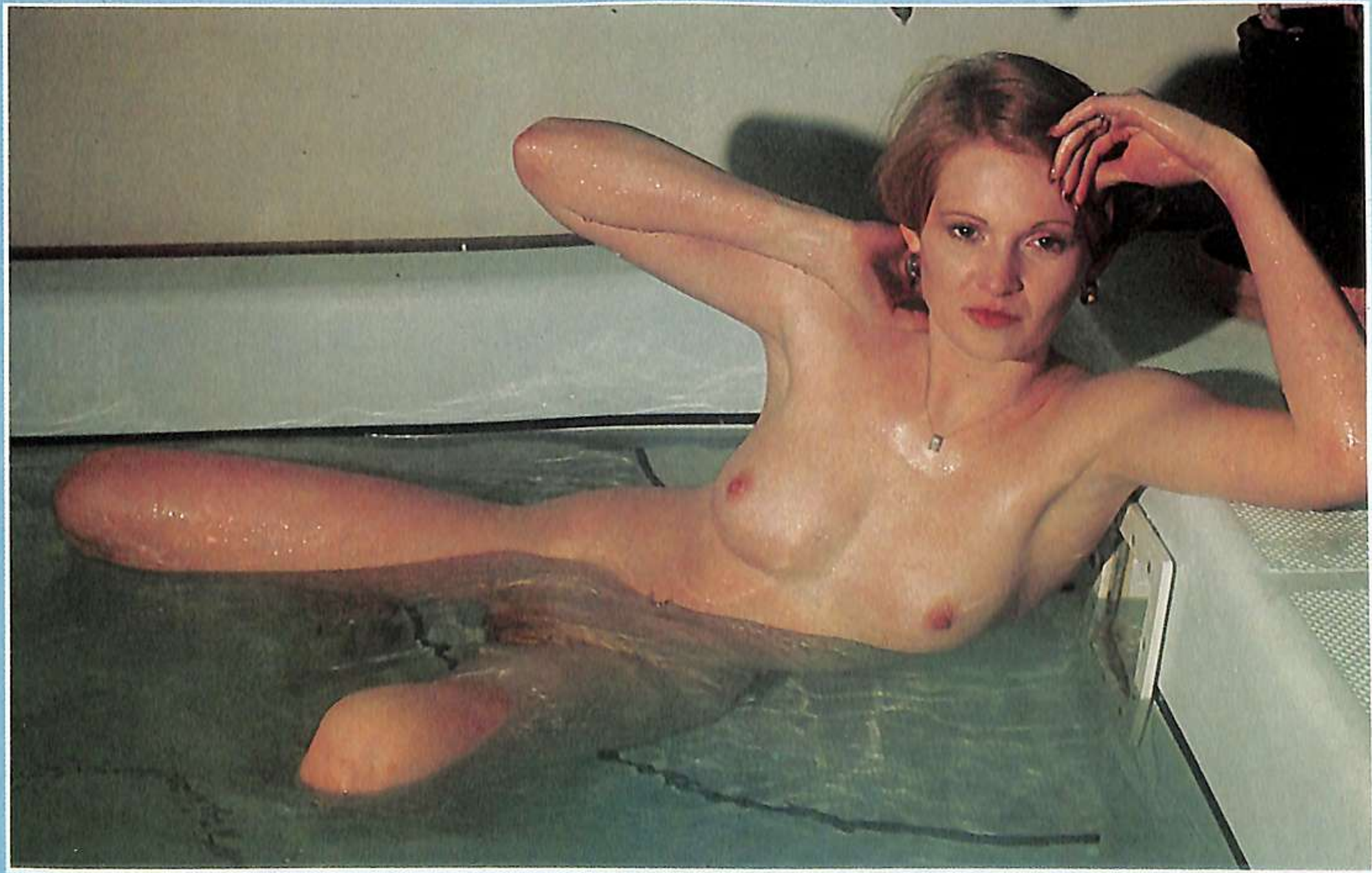
"Dance and drink," she says. I do. She does. Fanne does. Peter takes pictures. Fanne does the salsa, Andrea does the stumble; Fanne tells us all the stories about her days as a stripper.

After we were finished, Peter and Andrea suggested I do some more modeling which suited me fine since I'd been ripped off the month before to the tune of practically everything I ever owned. We agreed to meet the next night and although I may have seemed cool on the outside, my joints were like jelly. I couldn't imagine me, naked—legs spreading—while Andrea kept urging, *"Pink, pink!"* I was beginning to wonder about that girl again. I figured though it couldn't be much more different than stripping for sloshed salesmen so I might as well give it a try.

Later that night I was lying around the house with my boyfriend and I sort of casually dropped the model session thing. He went wild. After he picked himself off the floor, he threw himself on top of me and started banging me blue! Unfortunately, the next morning I noticed blue (as in black and . . .) especially around my butt area, so if you notice any in the pics please forgive me (it was really well worth it . . . ouch!) Anyway that evening, as scheduled, I met Peter and Andrea at the Drake where they were staying. We had a few drinks and then proceeded on to this super luxurious new health club at the Newberry Plaza building. They must have known VIP's were coming 'cause they opened up the club just for us. Now at this point I must admit I was getting nervous. My only modeling experience was for Polaroids and I really had no idea what to do. Actually, I think Peter sensed my fear (possibly because I was slowly inching my way to the exit door), especially when he told Andy to go scout locations while he warmed me up. Well, I'm not getting into details but within a half hour I was nude and looking lewd. Humping bicycle seats, fitting barbells into my puss, squeezing my nips and enjoying every second. Once in awhile Peter, who is the absolute greatest, would spit on his fingers and open up my "pussy petals" so he could get hotter shots. I was surprised by this 'cause I was so wet I must have left stains on all that groovy equipment! I guess I'm really an exhibitionist because nothing turns me on more than displaying my body in sexy ways and thinking about how guys all over the country will be jerking off while

(Continued on page 58)

For $160, you get to drink a bottle of champagne in a private room...with the stripper of your choice



VALERIE
JULIE
DIANA
MARC STEVENS
DONNA
ANNIE SPRINKLE
PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB

Illustration by Kurt Schnurr

THE SPRINKLE SURVEY:

"WHAT WAS YOUR CRAZIEST CUM?"

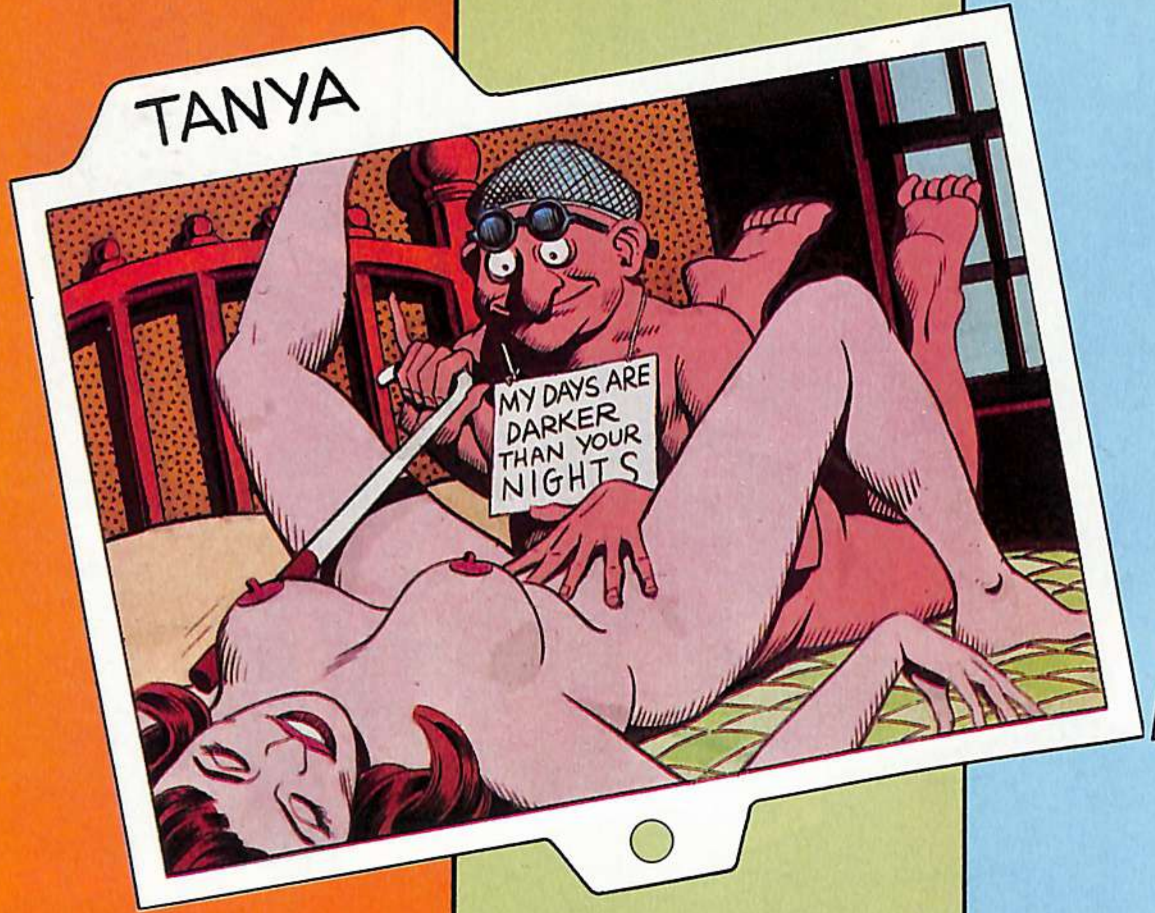
By ANNIE SPRINKLE

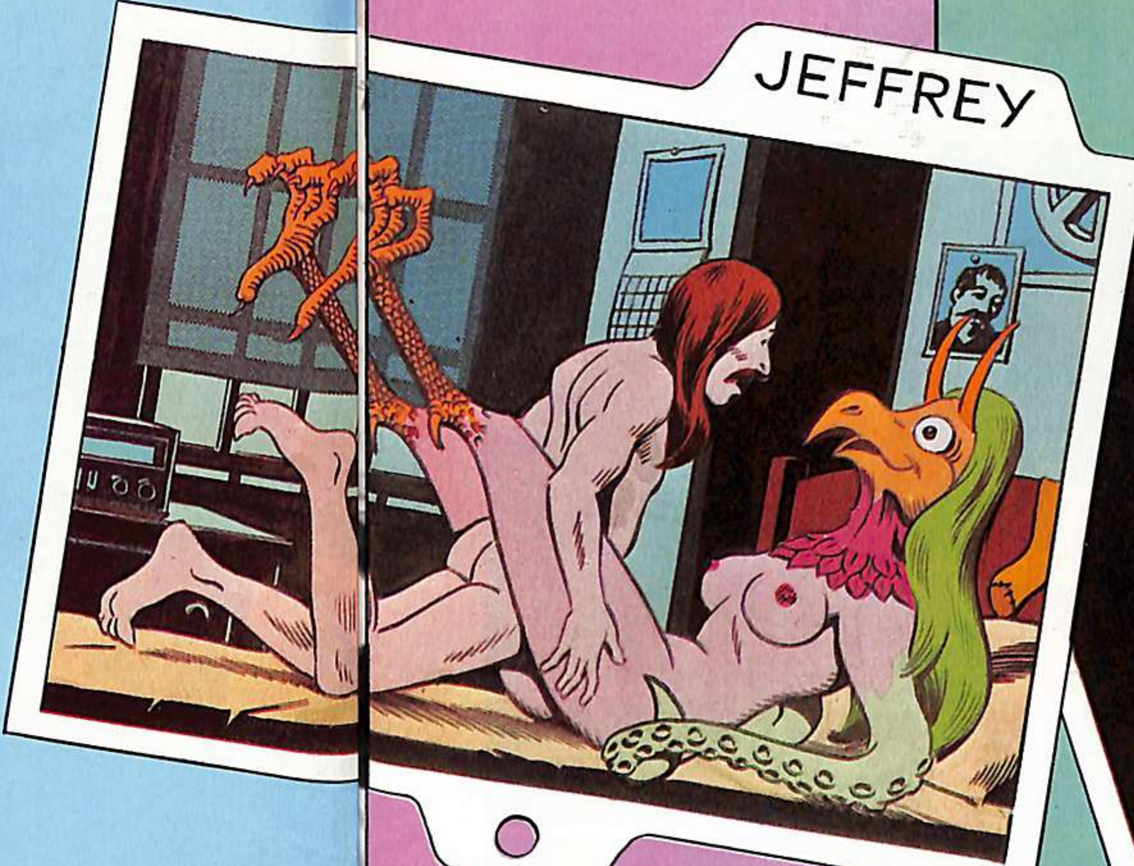
SUPERSTAR ANNIE TAKES UP WHERE THE HITE REPORT LEFT OFF

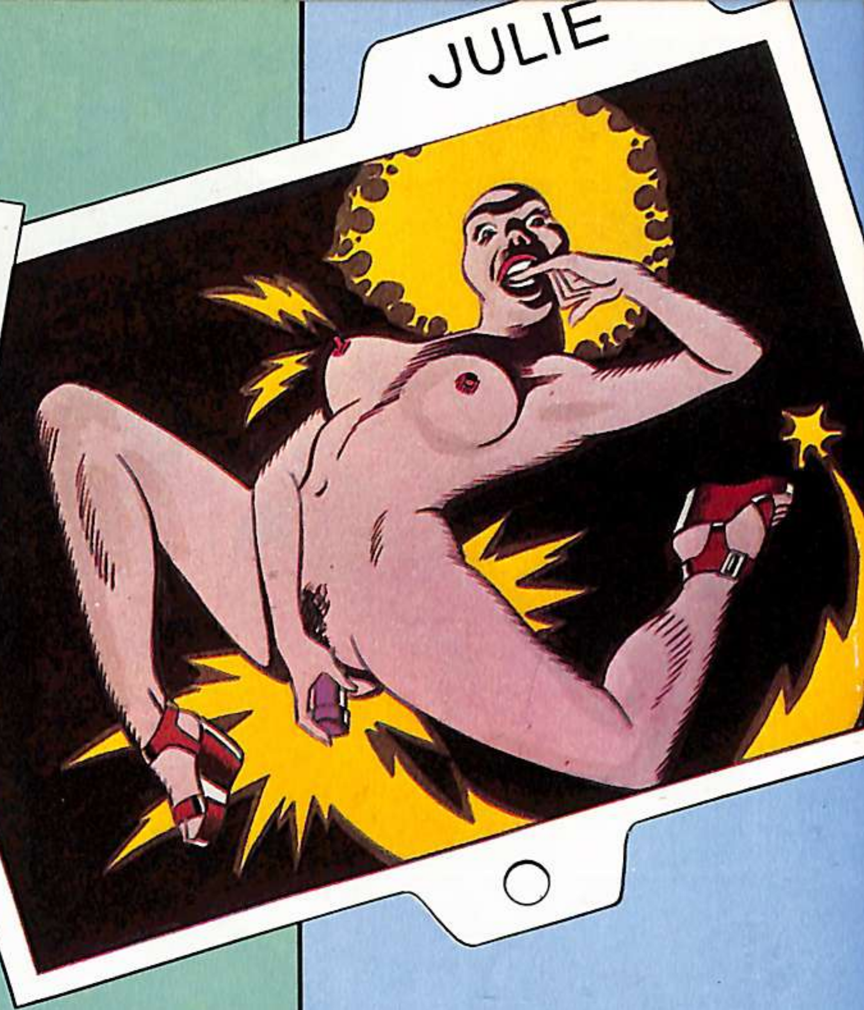
I must know every flesh fiend in North America. And the ones I really don't know find me so warm and sympathetic and open and gullible they tell me their bizarre bedtime scenes, anyway. Some want therapy. Some want a soft ear to confess into; others want a soft crotch to come into. But I always listen, on the off-chance that they've done something so pervo it will enhance my already stupendous sexual education.

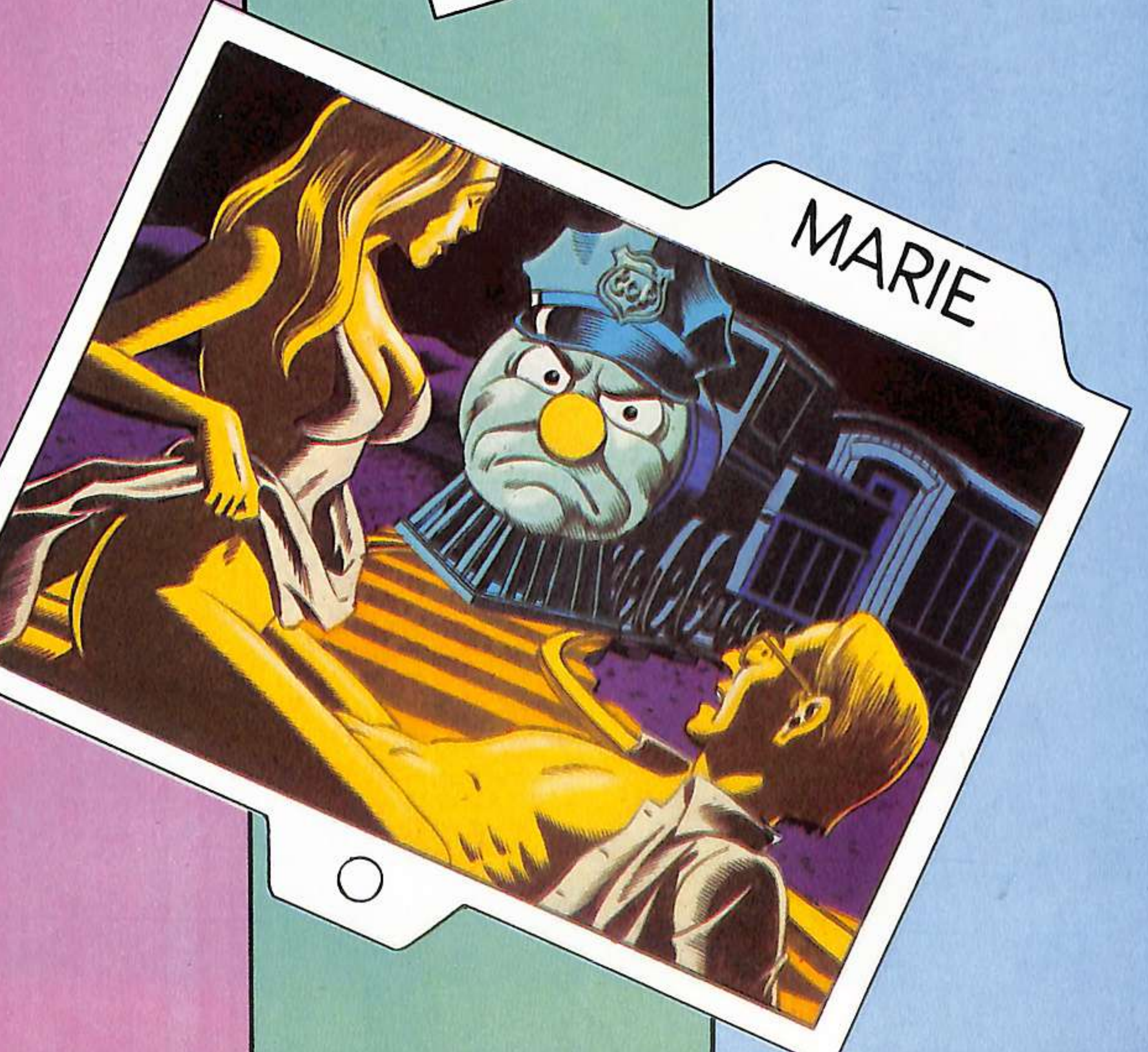
Some of the most interesting scenes in my recent Sprinkle Survey blend old fashioned screwing with modern technology, such as the wealthy swinger who gets off inviting dates to his apartment, balling them blue—and then playing the whole thing back on videotape next morning. Or the girl who's entranced with making obscene phone calls to guys passing by the phone booth outside her apartment window. It takes all kinds, and somehow they all take the next Trailways straight to me.

White magic witches, swimming pool fondlers, mile-high skull freaks over the


TANYA
MY DAYS ARE DARKER THAN YOUR NIGHTS







"WHAT WAS YOUR CRAZIEST CUM?"

Empire State Building . . . read on. Take notes. Lick lips. Are these people really kinkier than you are? And if so—what's holding you back?

QUESTION: Tell me all about your most bizarre sex scene.

DON G. (Handsome restaurant owner): "The time I spent the whole day on the phone, telling twelve different girls I gave them the clap."

JULIE (Fluffer for the stars): "The night my electric vibrator gave me a huge electric shock—believe me, it turned me right off."

JANICE (Masseuse at a plush New York massage parlor): "Shit—there are so many. One really old guy had a heart attack on top of me, back when I was working in a 'house.' He died—pretty bizarre, huh? The madam called some police friends to have him taken away. They reported that they found him in an alley, something like that . . .

"Another time, a guy gave me $500 to pierce his nipples. He loved the pain. Then I took the earrings out of my own ears and poked them through. Didn't bleed very much. Then I insulted him and beat him pretty good. Shit, I'd cut off a guy's cock—if he paid me enough."

JOHN G. (Painter): "I met this girl on Fire Island and she offered to fly me back to the city in her little Piper Cub. Once we were over New York, she put the plane on automatic pilot and started giving me a blow job. My initiation into the Mile High club! When we were near the Empire State Building, other flyers radio'ed in, giving us hell because we were messing up the TV and radio transformers up there. But I managed to cum anyway—right over the Empire State Building."

JUDY (Massage parlor girl): "A guy came in and gave me $100—my usual fee for an hour. Then he took another hour, gave me another $100, and at the end of that asked me to lay back on the bed. Out of this briefcase he pulled $5,000 in $100 bills and arranged them all over my body. He'd stand back and say, 'Oh, that looks so nice!' Then he'd rearrange the bills. I just lay there with five grand pasted to my bod. It felt good! But after he left, the other girls told me that I was supposed to take as much as I wanted for myself. I almost shit!"

MARC STEVENS (10½" porn star): "Hard to say—there've been so many. Could it have been the time I caught my Helen (Madigan) sucking off a pig? No—maybe the time with my mother. Now the one I'd *really* like to see is Helen doing a gay horse film—two broodmares and her. What's bizarre? Everything I've ever seen in porn. Look at the dozen or so S/M films I've done. Look at all the things I've inserted into women. A telephone, a dozen eggs, a banana, a wrist watch, every kind of sausage and fruit imaginable. Lots of coke bottles. One madman director had me pour green pea soup in Darby Lloyd Raines's cunt and eat it out. And then there were the things

(Continued on page 44)

SYLPH

THIS STUFF IS GREAT, *SYLPH*. I'VE NEVER FELT SO... uhhh... *HEIGHTENED*.
MY SENSES ARE *PLEASURABLY* DISTORTED.
AND BESIDES THAT... I'M *INCREDIBLY HORNY!*
SO HOW 'BOUT TRYING *THIS* JOINT NOW?
SHALL I ROLL *ANOTHER* ONE?

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columns by liberated women

the cheri orchard

for liberated men

photo by PETER HURD

Is there really sex in suburbia? The bawdy LeBeaus, anything-but-secret swingers from Long Island, jump out of the closet and onto the waterbed, and wonder why you're not doing the same. They're hot, they're hip and their relationship is so open you could drive a pimpmobile through it. Is this the Togetherness of Tomorrow? Write them here at CHERI.

TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S A BLAST

by SUSAN LEBEAU

Who says you can't find a swing outside a club? Marc and I had just finished up a long photo session. Near exhaustion we decided to stop for a few drinks to take the edge off the pressure we had been under for the last few hours. What with the lights, the costume changes and trying to perform some impossible poses in crazy positions we were definitely in need of something to help us unwind and you can't blow a "j" on the sidewalks of the big apple, at least I wasn't willing to take the chance.

We ducked into a gay bar we knew of that was supposed to be having a show and settled into a corner with a few drinks and began talking over the events of the day. After awhile Marc excused himself to answer nature's call. Hardly had he disappeared from view than I thought I heard someone calling my name. Looking around but not recognizing anyone I returned to my drink sure I had been mistaken and concentrated on the show. My name was called again accompanied by a gentle tap on my shoulder. I looked up into the face of a truly pretty girl, a face I knew yet couldn't place. She laughed. "Puzzled Susie?" she queried. "It's me, Crystal, and what the hell are you doing in a gay bar?" Now I laughed. I hadn't seen Crystal since junior high. Chunky and definitely almost masculine back then, she had turned into a real fox. I invited her to join me so that I could fill her in on my own adventures during the past few years. As she eased her delectable ass into the chair alongside of me, her hand settled on the bare flesh of my thigh above my stocking tops just below the hem of my mini; I know garter belts and minis aren't in fashion but I'm proud of my body and enjoy displaying it. You'll never catch me in pantyhose. They may be practical but a garter belt and stockings look much better; besides they don't get in the way if I can get the opportunity for a quick screw or some flashing. It's also great when I decide to get a little rowdy, like the night we left Plato's at five a.m. and headed down to Chinatown with six couples for breakfast. While everybody else was enjoying their won ton soup I reached under my skirt, whipped off my panties and deposited them on Marc's head. Don't believe it? Just ask the couples that run Plato's as well as a few astounded waiters.

Anyway, while I continued talking to Crystal, she began almost imperceptibly to stroke my thigh. Where once I would have freaked at the touch of another woman, I found hers quite welcome; I found myself fantasizing a great deal about what my first bi experience would be like. As her stroking continued I found my crotch growing increasingly wetter. Marc returned to the table and I introduced him to Crystal, watching him eye her up and down with what can only be described as the most appreciative of stares. Marc sat down and my mind began to drift. What Crystal's fingers had started my mind picked up on and I found myself fantasizing a fantastic scene. I guess I really got wrapped up in it because when I became aware of what was happening I looked down to find Crystal's other hand busily working in Marc's lap while his own fingers brought first one and then the other of her nipples to attention beneath the skimpy fabric of her blouse. Crystal broke off the action and excused herself, heading off toward the ladies room. Marc began to ask if I would be interested in a scene, but I was way ahead of him. Before he got out his third word I grabbed his throbbing cock and finished his question for him, changing it to a definite plan for action. Now all I had to do was make sure that Crystal was game. Since she hadn't returned I went off to the john looking for her. No sooner was I through

(Continued on page70)

SWING SHIFT

TWIN CITY TWAT

A TURD TASTER FROM TORONTO PART II

by LYNN BERRY

Lynn Berry splays her yams in a sizzling sex ad that has left its hot trail through most of the Midwest. True blue in her desire to spend her life sucking cock and lapping pussy, Lynn's been kept pretty busy answering all the horny humpers who have been contacting her. Lucky for us she's found time, between sessions, to write a column for us describing what really happens when you lay it all on the line for a personal ad. Lynn welcomes all correspondence from readers and urges you to write her c/o CHERI.

Well, dear readers, I told you last time I would have a new experience to tell you about, and I do. I really do.

Fred turned out to be just exactly what he claimed to be. A piss drinking shit-eater who loves to have a girl dildo-fuck him up the ass. Fred flew in from Toronto on Friday afternoon and we went to meet him at one of the motels on the 494 Strip near the airport. I brought my overnight bag containing our camera, a tube of KY jelly, a strap-on dildo, a big dildo that rotates, two rolls of film, and a loaded .22 automatic pistol. Just in case.

Fred brought a bottle of Chivas Regal and a bottle of Chanel #5, along with his tight asshole and his very talented tongue. This guy had the smallest cock I have ever seen on an adult male. When soft it was no longer than two inches, and when hard it couldn't have measured more than four inches, but his tongue made up for his shortcomings in the cock area. Wow, he really could eat pussy and he must have gotten me off at least 20 times between Friday night and Sunday morning. I'm not talking about these little 'cums' we girls get before reaching the top. I mean big ones where I would have to push his head away from my throbbing cunt.

Maybe I am stressing the fact that Fred is a great cunt-eater for the benefit of you guys who aren't fortunate enough to have an eight-inch cock like my husband, but cock isn't always the answer to sexual fulfillment. I guess I'm lucky to have the guy I've got: a nice cock, a great pussy eater, (better than Fred—and my girlfriends will verify his talent) and he really digs seeing me ball with other couples, guys and girls; but his big thing is watching and photographing me making it with another chick.

I'm getting off the subject; we were talking about Fred. When we got to his room we said our "hellos," and Fred made scotch and water for the three of us. He showed us several letters he had received from other women, telling him how they wanted to give him the Golden Shower thing. I think all the letters were written by guys who get their kicks on finding out about another guy's "thing."

After we had a couple of drinks, John suggested that we get comfortable. He stripped, and Fred and I did the same. That's when I saw that tool of Fred's, and I had all I could do to keep from laughing, but John's next move changed my attitude. He said he had to pee, and called Fred to come with him, telling me to get the camera. He sat Fred on the stool and stood in front of him with his cock in his hand. Fred opened his mouth and John pissed in it as I shot pictures. John squeezed his cock to shut off the stream 'till the strobe was ready for another shot. All this time, Fred had his mouth open waiting for his next Golden Drink. Then we went into the bedroom. John had me lay on the bed with my legs open showing my cunt, which was by this time wet and juicy. He told Fred to eat me while he shot photos. Fred got me off in less than three minutes, so I went down on him. This was another new experience for me—the first time I've been able to get a guy's entire cock and balls in my mouth at once. I was trying hard not to let Fred cum so I was giving slow head to him. I blew him for about 10 minutes, and I had to pee, so John got a towel and had Fred lay on the floor as I squatted above his face. John shot photos as I let my hot piss run into Fred's mouth. That was really groovy. I could look down and watch my pee shoot into his mouth and all over his face.

When I was finished Fred licked my pussy clean of all the remaining piss, and then started to tongue fuck my asshole. I really tried to shit at that point, to no avail, though I did fart several times in his mouth and he loved it. I told John he should have some of that action, so he got up on the bed and stuck his ass in the air. Fred got behind and gave John a rimming that I thought was really fantastic—but I guess Fred wasn't as good as I thought because John had me take over. Fred got his head under John and sucked his cock while I tongue fucked John's asshole. Needless to say, Fred took a big load of cum down his throat, and I felt John's asshole tighten around my tongue.

We rested for awhile and had another drink. Then John told me to strap on my dildo, and asked Fred to get on the floor on his hands and knees. I strapped on my dildo and got the KY jelly to lubricate Fred's asshole, being sure to run two fingers up his hole in the process. Then I proceeded to fuck him while John shot pictures. I reached around Fred, jerking his cock as I fucked him. It only took a few minutes before he shot his load all over the floor. Before we went home that night Fred ate me again, and I gave him another Golden Drink. Being true to form, he licked me clean again.

We had told Fred that we had other plans for Sunday, and that he should call us Saturday morning to let us know when his flight back to Toronto would be. We said that we would pick him up and bring him home for more fun on Saturday. He called and said his plane would leave at 8:30 A.M. on Sunday, so John went to pick him up at the motel. I did a little cleaning to get things ready for another session.

When they came in I was lying on the couch playing with my pussy. Fred came over and started to eat me before he even undressed; John stopped him long enough to strip him and expose his four-inch erection to us. All this time I continued to finger my pussy. I could see the excitement in Fred's eyes as he watched me. By this time John had his clothes off, and he also had a hardon. I went and loaded the camera. When I got back John was on the floor fucking Fred dog

(Continued on page 98)

MISTRESS ROSEANNE

FOOT FREAKS AND HORNY HORSIES

by MISTRESS ROSEANNE

photo by ALLEN

You've lied, you've cheated, there're things you never told the IRS and how about the night you left the cat out in the cold? Face it, you're guilty as shit, man. And here's the little woman who'll put it all in proper perspective. Black and blue absolution, that's the solution, and it's Mistress Roseanne who'll let you have it raw. Write her c/o CHERI and let her know how rotten you really are . . . swine.

Dear Mistress,

Once again I would like to thank you for the punishment you administered last Saturday. I richly deserved to suffer at your hands. For three months, like the Sword of Damocles, the expectation of punishment hung suspended over my head. When the blow at last fell, I was at first not as well prepared as I thought I would be. I feared the gag (it was my first experience)and thesense of isolation that gripped me when the mask was locked in place. Your firm "no nonsense" reaction dispelled the panic, but it was, nevertheless, with some trepidation that I awaited the first blows. As the scene progressed, and your thongs caressed my trembling flesh, I found that my oppressive guilt, which had weighed upon me for three months, began to lift. The searing pain was a healing unguent that I found ultimately soothing. It became, for me, a beautiful and transcending experience. Let me assure you, however, it was painful!

I have had a couple of fantasies that I would like to describe to you. The first one occurred to me when we visited your girlfriend's home some time ago. I fancied your rebuking me for some oversight and then turning me over your knee and giving me a bare bottom spanking. Later, you would use me as your footstool, moving your foot over my neck, back, and upraised buttocks. This is a fantasy that could be actualized at anyone's home, provided the hosts are into the scene.

I also have an automobile fantasy. You would make me strip, entirely naked or only from the waist down, and lay on my stomach, either on the back seat or on the floor of the car. From time to time, you would give me a flick of your whip or your hand. We would then stop at some isolated spot in the country and finish my punishment in the woods. I would like to be bound and spanked over your lap in the car.

I will describe other fantasies to you in future letters.

Lastly, let me tell you that, unworthy as I am, I love you and count myself fortunate to be your slave. Please forgive me my many inadequacies over the past several months. I am yours to do with as you will.

I worship you,
L.

Dear Mistress Roseanne,

I am a single, 32-year-old, Caucasian male. Although it may seem a bit late, I am getting interested in female domination. I have read material on the subject, including some of your columns, and most of what I read appeals to me. I like the idea of providing all forms of oral service to a woman, submitting to verbal abuse and physical humiliation at her whim, especially in the presence of other women. The one thing that does not appeal to me is being whipped and spanked.

You are a very beautiful woman, with experience as a dominant female. In your opinion, would it be possible to have a relationship with a dominant woman without pain? I would show her all the respect and worship she demands. I would be grateful if you could take the time to answer my question.

Thank you very much.

Your Servant,
Mike

Dear Mike,

There are many variations of Dominance and Submission. Some include pain both physical and psychological. Others employ either-or. I know of many types of these relationships which do not include physical pain. However, I would be most interested in hearing from any of my readers who believe that you can have this type of relationship without either type of pain, in which case, I would then like to know how they keep their prospective slaves in line. You must also realize, Mike, that all relationships involve give and take in varying degrees on both sides. If you had a loving S/M relationship with someone whose fantasy needs include the causing of physical pain, wouldn't you try to make the sacrifice to learn to enjoy or even tolerate the pain for the sake of that love?

Pain fades, but love stays,
Mistress Roseanne

Mistress Roseanne,

I have to admit that I read one of the stories where a 31-year-old teacher confesses that he has a fetish for womens' feet.

Well, I am into the foot fetish also, and if you are ever in Southern California, look me up and call me and order me to worship your bare feet.

You are a lovely woman and I'm sure that your feet are very soft.

You see, I like to have a pretty woman put her foot or bare feet in my face where I can kiss and lick them for her, and where she will gently rub them in my face.

Sometimes the woman will have had her feet encased in nylons for several days, then she takes them off and right away has me kissing them and massaging them.

Would you happen to know any girls here in Southern California that would like to do this sort of thing? Please write me a reply, Mistress.

Yours Truly
T.H.

Dear T.H.

Unfortunately I have no friends in Southern California. However, I'm always personally on the lookout for a good foot massage. When you're headed this way, let me know.

Sincerely,
Mistress Roseanne

THE BEEHIVE

by HONEYSUCKLE DIVINE

THIS WOMAN IS CONDEMNED

What kind of girl would make a living twanging golf balls out of her twat, puffing cigars in her puss and spouting Jergen's lotion like an upside down Old Faithful? Who but Honeysuckle Divine, the world's most soulful stripper, whose monthly—in every sense of the world—misfirings have graced our pages and confused our priorities for almost a year now. Write her c/o CHERI, especially if you have a juicy dream for our pussy-popping pretty to analyze.

News Flash: On Tuesday, March 8, 1977, I was arrested for performing my act at Aquarius Adult Center in Gloucester, New Jersey. The Camden County sector of the New Jersey Health Department was called in to inspect the peanut butter pussy burgers (with pickle) that I make on stage. THEY CONFISCATED MY MOP, GROCERY CART, PING PONG BALLS, HORN, AND ALL MY STAGE SUPPLIES AS EVIDENCE, INCLUDING TWO COPIES OF THE APRIL ISSUE OF *CHERI* MAGAZINE. I will obtain xerox copies of the health report on my pussy burgers, and other interesting court reports and hope to have them for the September issue of CHERI.

Meanwhile, after my arrest, Kellie Everts, Vice President of One World Light Church, decided that I must choose between my burlesque act and my ministry in her church. That's when I discovered that the One World Light Church does not have the beliefs I thought it had. So, the entire thing was a misunderstanding. I am still very fond of Kellie and wish her the best of health and happiness, even though I have quit One World Light.

This month, I am featuring a very sexy lady in my column; in fact, that is her name, Sexy Lady. But before I tell about this marvelous creature, I have a few other items to discuss.

The February issue of CHERI was the talk of Capitol Hill. I was told that most of the people I wrote about got a big laugh out of it. The famous Campaign organizer entered the Silver Slipper carrying a copy of CHERI and bragging that everybody knew it had to be him I was writing about, as he was the only famous Campaign Organizer around. He told my confidential source (Deep Pussy will be her code name) that he would like to take her and me on a trip to Hawaii. I joked that maybe he planned to lose us on an uncharted island somewhere.

This campaign manager had a wonderful sense of humor, was the biggest spender and most generous tipper of all time in Washington, D.C., even if he DID use campaign fund money. At least it was better that he spent it as he did, instead of hoarding it away in a Swiss bank, or burying it on some uncharted island.

My niece, Honeychild, lives in Honolulu, Hawaii, and recently gave birth to a darling baby girl, whose father is a native there. So naturally, I'd dearly LOVE to go to Hawaii. However, even if that campaign organizer takes me on an expensive trip and spends a lot of money on me, it would not influence my vote in his next campaign. I am very patriotic that way.

A court officer here in Washington, D.C., told Deep Pussy that he thought I made a mistake when I wrote that a famous ambassador wore a polar bear costume when he had sex. He said he thinks it is not the ambassador, but a Superior Court Judge who does that.

Frederick's burlesque night club caught on fire a few weeks after that article came out, causing extensive damage to the interior, even though the building is still there. I imagine it will re-open within a few months. I hated to see it destroyed, as I have so many fond memories of the way it used to be. It was in there that I once met a President of the United States who later died of a heart attack.

I tried President Carter March 5, 1977, on his open telephone line, but I got a recording saying the line was busy. I called back later, and the recording was busy.

One week when I worked the Plaza Theater in Washington, D.C., a dancer from out of town wanted to see the White House, so we walked by there on a break between shows. (It's only two blocks from the Plaza Theater.) She started flirting with one of the guards and asked if she could get an appointment to see the President. The guard smiled and said, "He's busy." Then he looked at her coyly and asked what she wanted to see him about. She said, "Military matters." The guard's eyes bugged out, and a look of alarm came over his face. I laughed and said, "I'm getting out of here," leaving before he could call the FBI to question us. She told me she was very serious, and had nothing to hide from the FBI. I said I had nothing to hide either, but I didn't want to miss the next show by being held several hours for questioning.

One night, about 2 a.m., I was pushing my shopping cart home from working the Plaza Theater, loaded down with pictures I had picked up from the print shop on one of my breaks, when a policeman stopped me to search the cart. I guess they thought I had a bomb in it. A couple of joes on the street asked if I had a bomb in it, too.

Never push a shopping cart covered with red plastic down Constitution Avenue, past NASA, the Smithsonian, Agriculture Department, HEW, and a string of other federal buildings at 2 a.m. Especially if you are wearing a cowboy hat, a long skin tight jersey dress with nothing on under it, and are going barefooted on a hot summer night.

Several people have asked the name of the tape I danced to at the Plaza Theater under my "Angie Baby" name. I promised Mike, a regular customer there, that I'd write the name in this issue of CHERI. It is, "The Lady Is Not For Sale," by Rita Coolidge on A and M records. A and M cassette number C5-4370. I bought it in Newfoundland, but I think it is sold in the States.

Dan, another devoted fan at the Plaza Theater, told me he gets CHERI every month.

The red bear-shaped rug I use at the Plaza was purchased at the Oriental Rug Mart, 1206 G Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. I found some good bargains there. Check it out, girls. Tell Sam I send my regards.

I recently performed at the Plaza with Babbete, who danced to a cute song by Rusty

(Continued on page 91)

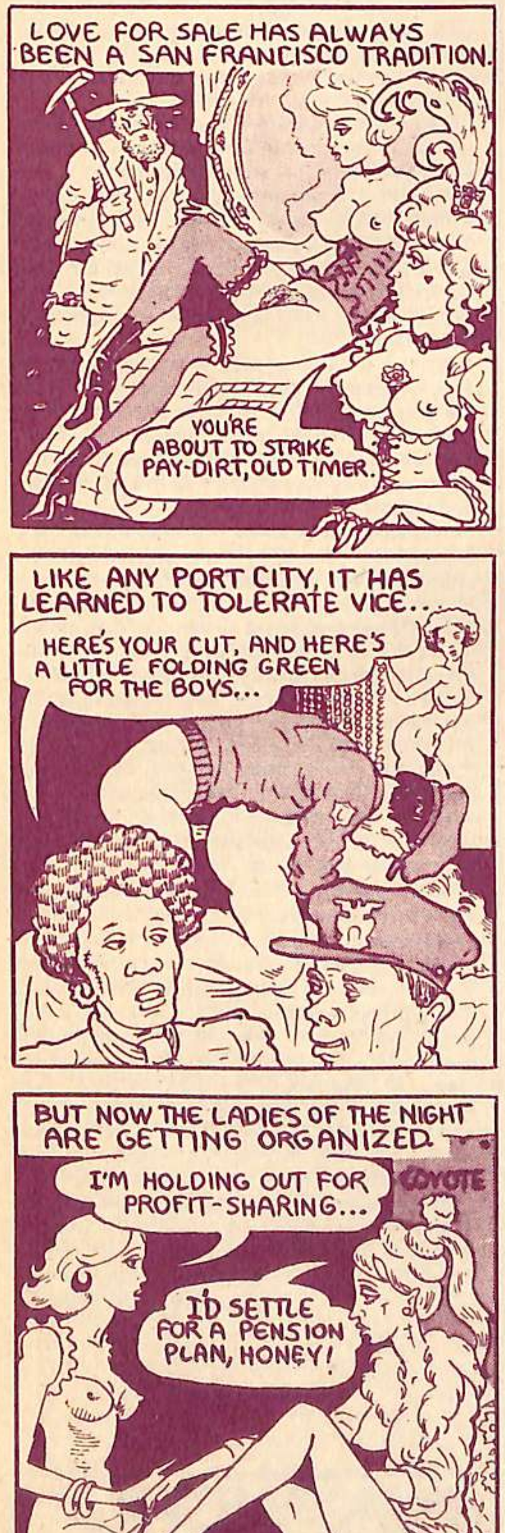
BAY BALL GAME

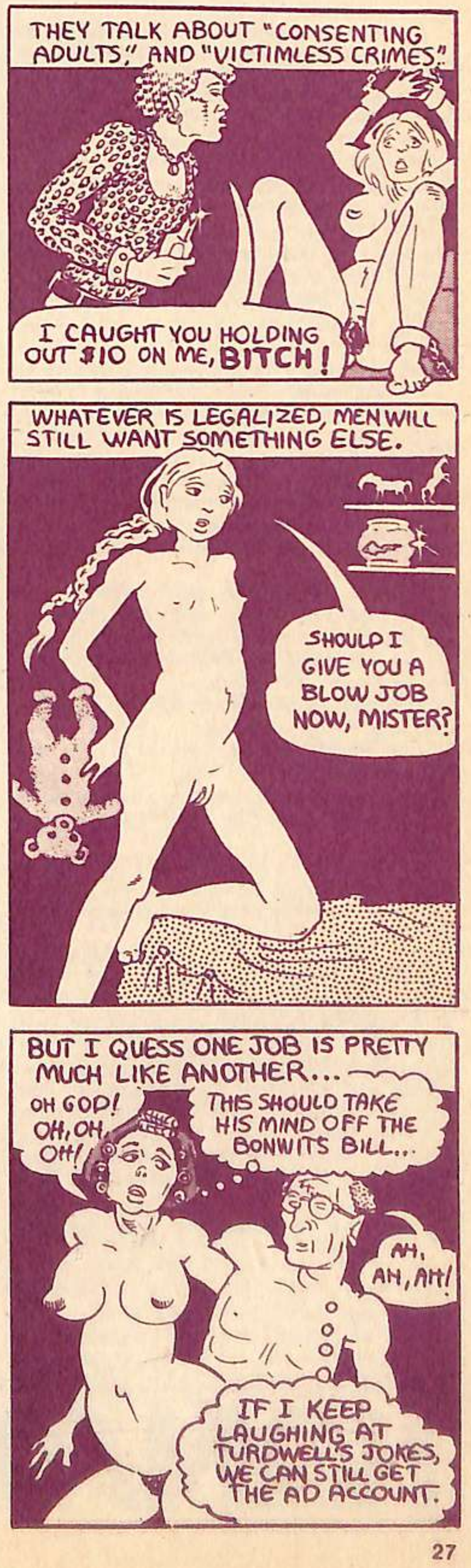
Mary Sativa

MARY SATIVA BEGAN HER CAREER IN EROTICA AS THE AUTHOR OF OLYMPIA PRESS BEST SELLER **ACID TEMPLE BALL**. A SOMETIME CONTRIBUTER TO **DUDE, GENT, ESCAPADE, & TITTERS,** AND CHARTER MEMBER OF S. F.'S UNDERGROUND COMICS SCENE, SHE FIRMLY BELIEVES PICTURES ARE EVEN SEXIER THAN WORDS...

NATURAL RESOURCE

By MARY SATIVA


LOVE FOR SALE HAS ALWAYS BEEN A SAN FRANCISCO TRADITION.
YOU'RE ABOUT TO STRIKE PAY-DIRT, OLD TIMER.
LIKE ANY PORT CITY, IT HAS LEARNED TO TOLERATE VICE...
HERE'S YOUR CUT, AND HERE'S A LITTLE FOLDING GREEN FOR THE BOYS...
BUT NOW THE LADIES OF THE NIGHT ARE GETTING ORGANIZED.
COYOTE
I'M HOLDING OUT FOR PROFIT-SHARING...
I'D SETTLE FOR A PENSION PLAN, HONEY!


THEY TALK ABOUT "CONSENTING ADULTS," AND "VICTIMLESS CRIMES."
I CAUGHT YOU HOLDING OUT $10 ON ME, BITCH!
WHATEVER IS LEGALIZED, MEN WILL STILL WANT SOMETHING ELSE.
SHOULD I GIVE YOU A BLOW JOB NOW, MISTER?
BUT I QUESS ONE JOB IS PRETTY MUCH LIKE ANOTHER...
OH GOD! OH, OH, OH!
THIS SHOULD TAKE HIS MIND OFF THE BONWITS BILL...
AH, AH, AH!
IF I KEEP LAUGHING AT TURDWELL'S JOKES, WE CAN STILL GET THE AD ACCOUNT.

KANSAS CITY STARK

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by JODY MAXWELL

A GUIDE TO GETTING DOWN IN KANSAS CITY

Jody Maxwell, the marvel whose mouth has melted the meat of millions, writes an erotically exclusive CHERI orchard column on the nitty gritty Kansas City scene. Not only a first rate writer, Jody's juices have flowed in such epic porno flicks as Portrait, Expose Me Lovely and—of course her singing debut in Screw On Screen. Ms. Maxwell eagerly awaits your cards and letters so send them in c/o CHERI.

Adult Entertainment is alive in Kansas City! True, it's not on the scale of New York City or San Francisco, but it *is* alive and getting healthier all the time.

One of the more important recent advances in adult entertainment here is the return of Burlesque and its lovely female dancers after a nearly 20-year absence. Of course, there is one qualification that must be made in fairness to another form of Burlesque, which has never been absent from Kansas City—the fine female impersonators,such as The Jewel Box has always offered.

Kansas City used to be renowned for its Burlesque in its younger days. The top female strippers such as Gypsy Rose Lee, Sally Rand, Tempest Storm and many other of the famous strippers, danced here at one time or another in the past. Yet, for some reason, Burlesque, with its lovely ladies and low-brow comics, faded away until it was entirely gone from Kansas City.

Now, all that has changed. In mid-town Kansas City, there is a large movie theater called the Avanti, which opened a little over a year ago and quickly became popular for its top X-rated movies (including my movie, *Expose Me, Lovely*) and its convenient location. About 6 months ago, the owners of the Avanti added a stage and runway to their theater. Then, these 1977-style pioneers, in spite of the "anti-anything" fanatics, brought on the exotic dancers. Naturally, they immediately ran into trouble with those people who impose their hidden hang-ups on the rest of society by trying to prohibit all forms of adult entertainment—in this instance, nude dancing.

The freedom of choice prevailed. The Avanti added Burlesque, while also maintaining top X-rated feature films, and the people were left to decide for themselves whether or not they wished to attend.

After the Avanti went through the hassles and was finally victorious in getting a permanent restraining order against the city, another theater, the Old Chelsea, too, followed suit. They also added stage shows with nude dancers while keeping their adult feature films.

Recently, some friends and I decided to check out the new Burlesque in K.C. and to take in some of the other adult entertainment as well.

For a starter, my friend Chuck Williams, well-known magician-puppeteer, and I decided to head for the Avanti Burlesque at 3319 Main. The show's featured act was Cyd Reagan. In addition to Cyd were two other exotic dancers, Debbie, and Crystal Payne, whose acts preceded Cyd's. Each girl had her own unique act, with Crystal's including a female snake named Tabu. After the girls finished, the star of the show, lovely Cyd Reagan, appeared. "Sophisticated Class" was how she had been billed, and it was a deserving title. Her costumes were exquisite, her dancing flawless. As her musical numbers proceeded, her clothing seemed to just melt off her. Both Chuck and I were impressed with this sensuous and talented woman, and I, personally, was fascinated by seeing total (no pasties, no g-strings) exotic stripping in Kansas City.

After the stage show concluded, the movies came back on until next show time. The featured film was one of the big X-rated ones, *Three A.M.*. There were a couple of other films showing with it also. Unfortunately, we weren't able to stay for the movies but I planned to return soon to see Kim and Tom Summers, perform their controversial "Dance of the Lover's Hands," and to interview this outstanding couple for CHERI.

Our next occasion for checking out burlesque and adult entertainment soon followed. This time I met my friends downtown in the office of a prominent attorney and C.B.er whose handle is "Tally Wacker". Besides Tally Wacker, another good buddy and C.B.er, Nighthawk, and our show biz pro, Chuck Williams, joined me in viewing the action at the Old Chelsea Too, located in River Quay.

As the theater is only a few blocks from Tally Wacker's office, we arrived in time for the first stage show of the day at 12:50 P.M. Linzy Kay, a female impersonator and comic, was billed as the emcee, but as we soon discovered, Linzy Kay doesn't do the early afternoon show.

The stage show at the Old Chelsea Too had 3 exotic dancers. The first was bouncy Mary Littlestar. The second, although not the featured act on this occasion, was one of the most talented dancers (of any kind of dancing) the four of us had ever seen. This outstanding dancer was Chelsea Daye, the reigning Miss Nude America. Besides doing splits and backbends without missing a beat to the music,Chelsea Daye has a body that would make the most stolid of men into lustful dreamers. This talented and beautiful woman was obviously pure professional.

After Chelsea Daye came the featured act which was one of the main reasons I had wanted to see this show. The featured act was not a professional exotic dancer like the ones I had seen at the Avanti, and the two dancers preceding the feature at the Old Chelsea Too. Instead, this young woman was an erotic film actress, starring in a triple-X film playing at the theater. She had never attempted exotic dancing before her appearance on stage in Kansas City. My curiosity was aroused. Initially, her name didn't mean anything to me. I knew I didn't know her personally, at least under the name she was using. Later, I knew who she was when I became aware of the other name she goes by in the X-rated film world. The porn actress was Suzy Humpfree, a.k.a. Suzanne McBain.

I did not envy Suzy Humpfree (as she was

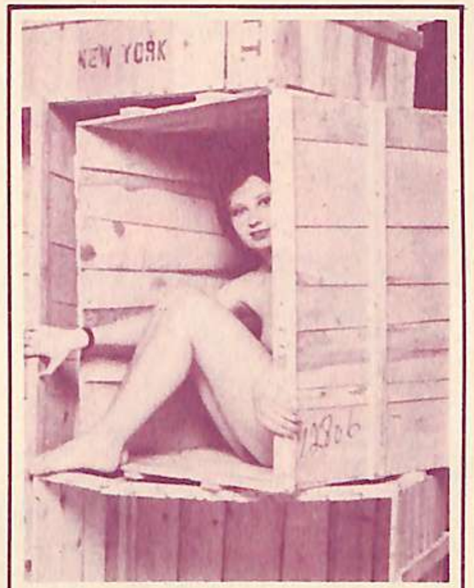
(Continued on page 98)

THE SLAVE TRADE

HOLY SUCKS AND GOLDEN SHOWERS

by TERRY KOLB

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men



Terry stays on her knees a lot, which gives her a particular view of the world. Crooning "Love Hurts" in a way Linda Ronstadt would never understand, she's founded the Masochist Lib section of the NY Eulenspiegel Society and has the welts to prove it. Submissive, given to voluptuous surrender and many splendored bruises, she demurely awaits your communications at CHERI.

Well, readers, here I am again. Sorry I've missed a few months there but I had some personal business to take care of. Same with my failure to answer my mail for a while. It really piles up.

First of all, I want to thank Mistress Roseanne for saying all those wonderful things about me in the May issue of Cheri. I remember her whipping me very well. She really hurts, fellows, believe it! She hits harder than a man. And her abode is splendid enough for a Queen to hold court. Well attended, too. She keeps a full staff of slaves on hand.

Well, you can't please everyone. I, like everyone else in the public spotlight, have my critics. A reader has written, "I cannot help but feel that you really don't know very much about being a slave. A true slave is a state of being where one person has forgotten about herself and lives only to serve her master. This is not a child's game or some editor's hype, but a state that can only come with lots of hard work and even more love . . . So . . . write something about a slave's real feeling for her master. Tell us how it feels to love someone so much that one knows the master's wishes sometimes even before he does. But, please, no more of this junk about how some guy didn't come up to your standards." I answered this letter with the simple statement that I write about true experiences and if the experiences are less than marvelous, the description of them will be less than rapturous. When I had a master whom I adored I wrote about my worship of him. Since coming to L.A. the best S I have met is freaked out by my extreme practices and has cut off relations with me. Anyone who is really into the Scene knows that about 90% of those who claim to be initiates are really phonies who don't understand it. So most "S's" can't possibly live up to the standards of a particular submissive). But to expect me not to have standards, is, itself, a misunderstanding of what the submissive role is all about. A submissive has a lot more character and pizzazz than most people think. We are not meek little Casper Milktoasts (although some may fit this description). I have a very strong personality and know what I want out of life. I only submit to people who KNOW how to dominate me. Those who have dominatd me know that it means something special by virtue of the fact that it is a form of exception making. Most real dominants prefer a slave who is not easy to dominate. The most popular slaves in Eulenspiegel are smart-asses. I know dominants who actually pass over submissives in order to try to dominate another dominant. To hide the soft, submissive side of oneself from the world and to show it to one man only. That is a very groovy way of showing love. And many a dominant is into it. I know.

From the other side of the fence, a slave has written to me about his daily experiences of slavery to a mistress who keeps him in a cage.

Every morning my Mistress sits atop of my cage,naked, and pisses on me. I then lick her pussy dry through the opening of my cage. Then standing there, she makes sure I lick up every last drop of her piss from the cage floor. I must keep a clean cage . . . Putting a leash on the nose ring, she leads me out . . . . While she eats, she may, at times, throw me some crumbs onto the floor. Just as I go to eat them, she gives a yank on the leash . . . . Instead, I get to lick the shit from her ass hole. It's a better meal I am told."

—A humble slave

Well, your mistress seems very thorough. But, at least she lets you read *Cheri*. Could be worse.

A dominant had the following goodies to relate:

I enjoyed the letter from the man who enslaved his niece (February) for the same reasons you did. As a husband-master, I believe a slave should always have freedom of choice . . . I'm 29 and for four years now my lovely blonde wife, 27, has been my slave.

On Saturday night, we gather with couples our age for drinks, dancing, and conversation. My wife always looks very pretty, for I insist she go to the beauty shop for a special hair-do . . . .

During the evening, she gets me fresh drinks or snacks, and is always near me, showing the others she prefers mine to anyone else's company. As a result, I've discovered both men and women envy me. The men are a bit jealous because she is so pretty and vivacious and obviously devotes her attention to me. The women wonder what there is about me that makes her do that, for they know they are missing something. But we don't tell anyone our secret.

When we go home, we have a nightcap and sit on the sofa and talk about the party. Soon I have her stand, do a total strip, and we go to the den, where I chain her wrists to a beam so she hangs with her feet off the floor . . . . Strong nipple rings are snapped onto the tips and I run a cord from each one to an eyescrew on the opposite wall . . . . so they pull hard on the rings . . . . While she hangs naked and stretched with her nipples pulled forward, we talk about ourselves. I slash her ass with the crop and occasionally pull out a few pussy hairs. She tells me how happy she is to be my slave, and I remind her that she can quit anytime . . . . Almost always, she says, 'Please Master, kiss me'. When I do, she whispers, 'I choose to be your slave forever. Please

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BOSTON CONFIDENTIAL

columns by liberated women

the cheri orchard

for liberated men

by MISTRESS DANIELLE

A FUCKSOME FOURSOME

Mistress Danielle is a bad-ass bisexual bimbo who might be banned in Boston for her tastes but we love her anyway. A dumpling dominant whose husband is also no slouch when push comes to shove, she'll report regularly on the nasty side of New England life. Write her at CHERI, you louse, and she'll set you straight.

Frank (my husband) and I met these people through an ad in the Boston *Phoenix*. In the course of the evening we found out that Ruth is descended from a long line of Massachusetts witches (maybe she was exercising power over us). She also used to be a dominatrix to some of the more famous and powerful men in the country, in spite of her preference for submission. Henry is very bi and used to hook, also—for the gay crowd around the Trailways station in Park Square, Boston. I should mention that Ruth is bi, also (as I am). However, the lines of attraction were developing heterosexually. Henry was putting the heavy stare on me. Ruth was doing the same to Frank. My only regret at that point (which was remedied at a later date) was that Ruth wasn't showing as much lustful interest in me as I was in her!

Conversation continued along basically non-sexual lines for about two hours. Then, as wine, scotch, and good grass began to sink in, the conversation took a definite erotic turn. Fantasies, experiences, and fears were all tossed around until I began to feel my juices flowing. I looked over at Frank. Seeing a raging hardon, I decided to take matters into my own hands. I disappeared into my room only to return with my bag of "goodies." Ruth suddenly got very shy and turned her back while Henry and I took various items out, with me commenting on exactly how I was going to use each piece on both of them!

When I was through exhibiting my equipment, Henry was practically kissing my feet in adoration and Ruth, still with her back to us, was noticeably trembling in anticipation. Again returning to my room, I dressed for the occasion in my stockings, black satin underwear, and high-heeled shoes. I also picked out what Henry would wear to make him look even prettier (he's a transvestite)—black stockings, blue lacy bra, blue ruffled dress, and white shoes. For Ruth I chose a pink halter top which I knew would expose most of those beautiful big tits (after all, it was sized for me, a mere 38-B), and a pink flowered apron which would leave her ass bare for fondling and punishment.

I returned suitably dressed, putting the pile of slave outfits on the floor next to the couch. Then, sitting on the couch, I slowly, deliberately crossed my legs and looked at both of them for a long three minutes. Nothing was said. Abruptly I asked Frank if he was as hungry as I was. At that point both Ruth and Henry scrambled to their feet and went into the kitchen, awaiting our desires. Frank gave them orders on what to prepare and where to find it. While they fixed our late-night snack Frank and I discussed the outfits and training we both had in mind.

During the snack, both sat obediently at our feet. When we finished, it was time to dress them. Henry went first, putting on all the clothing that I had laid out. I finished the job by making up his face while Frank made sure that Ruth watched. Next Ruth dressed, turning away from us modestly. We allowed her that small privilege. Then it was punishment time for the errors made up to that point.

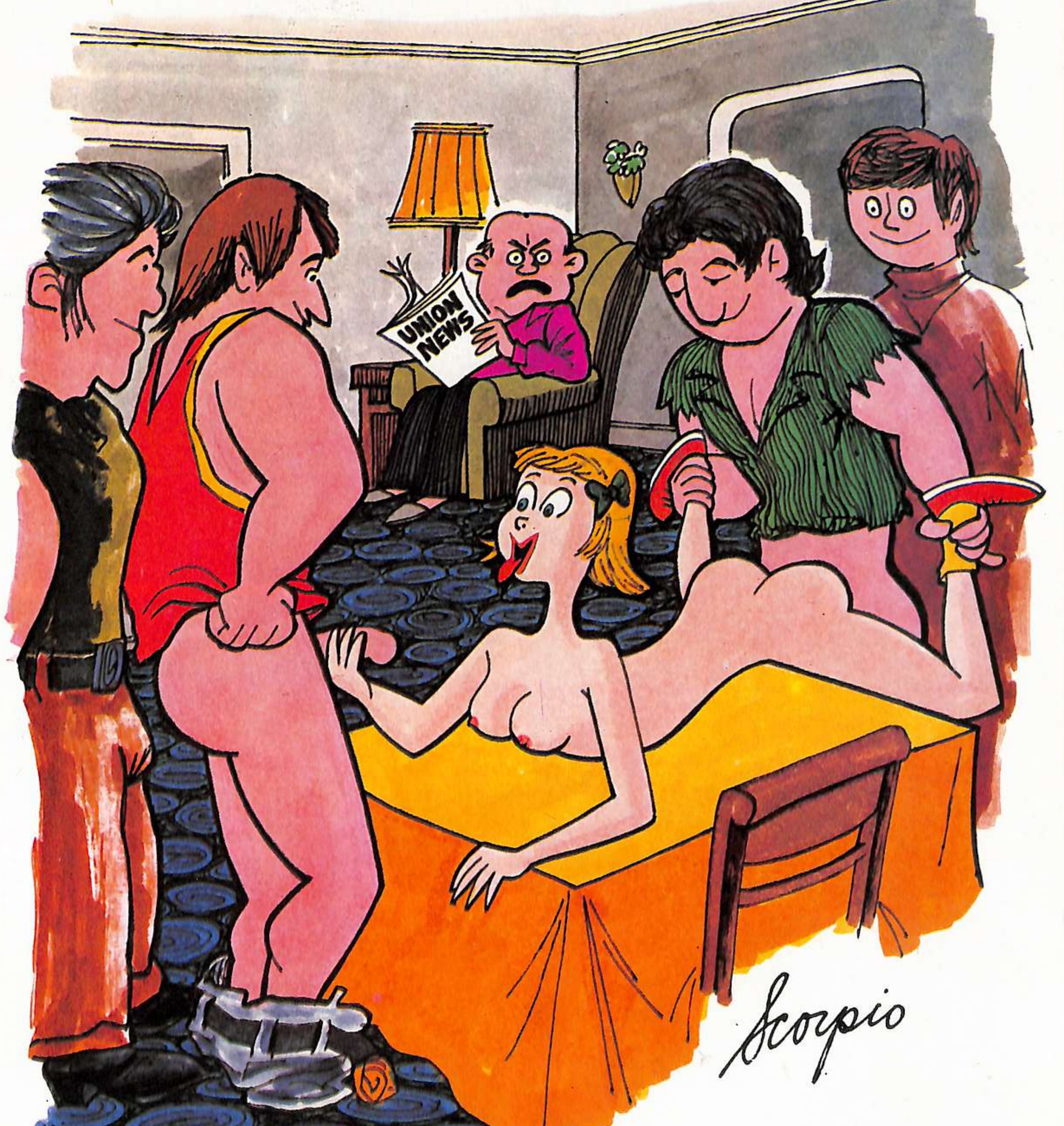
We shackled them both at the ankles and hands with chains, then led them both into our bedroom. Again, as I felt that Ruth was the more excitable and sensitive of the two, she was ordered to watch as Henry was chained to our wall. I then proceeded to fondle my favorite whip and paddle as a preliminary. When the whipping and paddling began, Henry remained quiet, taking the increasingly harder blows with stoic submission. About halfway through I glanced at Ruth. Her catlike eyes had become as big and round as quarters as she watched her husband's bottom become progressively more red and sore. Frank was forcibly holding her head so that she was unable to look away at all.

When the whipping was over, both were led back into the living room. Henry was again tied up, this time in position to watch Ruth receive her punishment. Ruth was chained in a kneeling position to the couch, ass up in the air. Both Frank and I worked on her until she too was very red and sore, noticeably sobbing. Ruth begged to do something for us to prove that she had learned her lesson. Henry, too, anxiously begged to use his oral talents on me. After some consideration, we decided to let Henry and Ruth prove themselves.

Both Frank and I settled on the floor and lay back, waiting for our treat. I held Henry's head betwen my thighs while Frank did the same to Ruth. Finally Henry's tongue brought me off—partly because I was so turned on watching Ruth being forced to go down on Frank! But Frank had not come yet. We had decided in advance what we wanted as far as that went. After I came, we tied Ruth and Henry in bent-over positions. I put on a dildo and rammed it home while Frank did the same to Ruth with his cock. Ruth and Henry were allowed to masturbate themselves while Frank and I ass-fucked them both. All four of us came at pretty much the same time (I played with myself for a second come). Then all of us relaxed.

Ruth and Henry left satisfied. We felt the same and agreed to get together soon again—which we did!

Both my husband and I were well-pleased. This was not the first time we'd had success through the Boston *Phoenix*. It really does seem to be the only way to meet compatible S&M partners in Boston. The Eulenspiegel Society isn't off the ground yet, and as I mentioned in a previous column, there just aren't any private bars or clubs where S&M predominates. We'll be trying the personal ads again sometime soon. Until then, good luck in finding partners of your own!



"When the union meeting's over, fix my supper!"

FANNE
IN
CHICAGO
LOVE
CHERI

FANNE FOXE'S SEXUAL GUIDE TO CHICAGO

I'M SO HAPPY HERE
I COULD JUST
SHIT

By FANNE FOXE

I like warm things. As a hot-blooded Latin and ex-stripper I am philosophically opposed to strange cities halfway between New York and Los Angeles that are famous for slab beef and snowstorms. But when my esteemed editor asked me to research the raw side of Chicago, I managed to remember that I'd met quite a few warm-hearted types from that city—but only in places like Miami and Puerto Rico, to which they'd fled.

Well, this wasn't the first time my suspicions were wrong. The wildlife in the Windy City is very, very active no matter what the

Editor Andrea Ambers swings into the Windy City party spirit.

Honey Divine fills Fanne in on hustling drinks at Johnny O's.

Sun-Timeser Paul McGrath raps with Fanne about what she saw.

Tiny Tim and Allen Sues joined Fanne on "Saturday Night" with Steve Edwards. Hours later Fanne finds time to flirt with phone-in fans duringa WDAI midnight radio talk show.

Fanne does double-duty—investigating the gay scene at a Chicago bath house called Ohio-State and serving as guest of honor at a gala evening get-together. Diane, a midwest fashion trendsetter, gets a hug from Fanne and then slides over for pics with Irv Karchmar, editor of New Pink.

Something for Everyone
GAY!
Gay Chicago
929-4662

SHAKE DAT SCHLONG!

STAGE 618/618 NO. CLARK/CHICAGO, ILL./TELEPHONE: 312-944-3375

If you're looking for a fully stocked bar and a batch of bikini-clad boys bugalooing non-stop from 9 A.M.-2 A.M., Stage 618 is your type of club. Open 7 days a week and featuring continuous male go-go shows, this is a popular congregating spot for gay Chicago residents and mid-day horny housewives.

I've done the Latin Hustle, the L.A. Hustle, the Tango Hustle and the Foxy Trot Hustle, but at Chicago nightspot Stage 618 I learned the Homo Hustle and, according to the boys, I shook a mean fanny.

I really loved being able to dust off some of my tucked-away talents and Stage 618 certainly gave me the opportunity to

(Continued on page 70)

S.E.C.S. MEANS SEX

S.E.C.S./112 WEST OAK STREET/CHICAGO, ILL. 60610/ TELEPHONE: 312-644-1920

S.E.C.S. (Sexual Enrichment Counselling Services, Inc.) is a privately-owned psychotherapeutic clinic dealing with male and female sexual dysfunctions. Dr. Dean Dauw and his staff of psychologists often work with individually referred sexual surrogates—professionally-trained women not directly employed by the clinic, but responsible to the doctors through personal progress reports. This treatment, once highly controversial, is now considered the best money and timesaving sexual therapy.

The patient is first put through a battery of tests and psychological evaluations, then six to ten hours of individual counselling with a therapist; fees are based on a sliding scale according to the degree of therapy required. Dr. Dauw claims no less than a 100% cure rate with the use of surrogates and after our interview, we saw no reason to doubt his word. Contact the clinic for further information.

"I would say my patient suffers from one basic problem: he's got such a low level of self-confidence he can't go up to a girl and invite

(Continued on page 87)

Midwest go-go dancers Tiffany, see page 14 (above) and Ellen (below) spill their stripping secrets for CHERI readers.

ON RUSH
GREATEST
GO GO SHOW
ON EARTH
OPEN 12 NOON

COUNTRY-FIED CUNT

COUNTRY ON RUSH/936 N. RUSH STREET/CHICAGO

Rush Street is where it's all happening, and Country on Rush is a warm, friendly bar where foxy charmers shake and shimmy to nonstop rock and jazz. Eight—count them, eight—up-tempo turn-ons stage continual shows from noon 'till 4 A.M. There's no cover, and liquor is available—because, obeying Cook County law, the girls strip down to their glittering G-strings and no further. If that's not enough for you, wander on down to the Candy Store and watch them take it all off—but you'll pay a high price for nothing more than fruit juice, so be forewarned.

(Continued on page 70)

weather report. In fact, you can get into so much trouble here that we were ready to move the whole CHERI office to Lake Shore Drive. As in my other midnight rambles, I met many fun-loving new friends—and a few downed-out dudes I had nothing more in common with than trial by jury. You take the rough with the smooth.

Our probing uncovered a very active swing club, go-go joints (male and female), freewheeling sex therapists and massage parlors that kept their promises. And, if that's not suitably shameless, we also discovered a movie house with enough cohones to let the CHERI frolicksome foursome—Cherry Bomb, Andrea, Suzanne and me—run riot on its stage in the name of adult (?) entertainment. Our endearing little act began when Andrea, our managing editor, leapt onto the lap of the owner, Mario, and announced, "Make me a star!" *The Admiral*'s other two owners, Pat and Al, deserve equal credit for their gentlemanly treatment of us all, risking their six-year reputations as Chicago's most successful film entrepreneurs to let us loose on their devoted patrons. Tonight *The Admiral*—tomorrow Radio City! Couldn't you just see us in furry bunny ears for the Easter Show?

For reasons best known to themselves, Mario, Pat and Al did make us all headliners that fateful Saturday night. Although I'd had an uncomfortable accident the day before, slipping on carpeting and falling downstairs, I was cheered to see a full house waiting for us after they'd placed a small ad in the newspaper. With our usual foresight and careful planning, we had no costumes, no choreography, no speeches and only our good looks and goodwill to keep the customers satisfied. And of good looks, not much from me, as makeup only faintly disguised the bruises.

But the show must go on! Andrea borrowed a pair of Suzanne's fringed panties and bounced onstage in cowboy boots, a very delectable mistress of ceremonies. Announcing herself as the managing editor of CHERI, she introduced me and explained our in-depth research into American raunch—or, as she put it, the swing scene and the new eroticism. Then Suzanne slunk out, feline and exquisite in a garter belt and net stockings, to further bombard the audience, overloading the senses, as it were,

PUSSY AND POPCORN

THE ADMIRAL THEATRE/3940 WEST LAWRENCE/CHICAGO, ILL.

Cozy, clean and classy, the Admiral proudly exhibits first-run X-rated fleshtravaganzas like Misty Beethoven, Mary, Mary, Les Nympho Teens *and* Anyone But My Husband. *It's even more popular for its personal appearance policy, featuring stars onstage after their four daily screenings. C.J. Laing, Annette Haven, Leslie Bouvee, Linda Wong and—to our everlasting credit—our own Cheri Bomb have all bared body and soul before the theatre's wholesome, couple-oriented clientele, struttin' their stuff and explaining their style. A happy, hospitable joint, the Admiral opens at 9 AM, with shows—a double-feature and, frequently, guest appearances—running through midnight. $4.00 admission and a definite* CHERI *check-out!*

Burlesque was a crazy life, all right—but if anyone had ever told me I'd follow it up by prancing onstage in a midwestern movie house with the CHERI family of shameless hussies—and answering personal questions hollered out from the audience—I would've asked him if he had the right Fanne Foxe. But there I was all right, basking in the limelight, as Cheri Bomb explained to a sincerely concerned doctor in the back that no, her sixty inches didn't make her suffer the anguish of lower backache and yes, those inches were hers alone, while Andrea Ambers and the lovely Suzanne elaborated on our magazine's policy of true-life sexual journalism. Really, you should've been there.

But the audience—I tell you, it's hard to say enough nice things about the Admiral, its clientele and the two super men who run the place. There were nights when, as a stripper, I couldn't exactly appreciate the sordid attention I'd get, but appearing live at this theatre was sheer joy. And when was the last time you heard that about an X-rated movie house? Cheri said the owners showed her every consideration during the four days her 'show'—a hilarious improvisation in the wildest burlesque tradition—assaulted their faithful customers. For some reason the dear souls showed up in droves, packing her regular late shows and peppering her with good-natured questions.

You could say the Admiral is porno grown up, an absolutely spotless, comfortable theatre aimed at middle-class and professional folks. Either Pat or Mario stands in the lobby.

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with her own spectacular measurements (mine were tastefully concealed by a pink satin gown) and a charming rap detailing the crazy life at CHERI. Suzanne held up a copy of the magazine, smiled frequently, and introduced Cherry Bomb and explained what it is she does for the magazine. Now if you put all of this together you would wonder how it ever makes it to the printer, let alone the newsstands—but Cherry actually does write a full rock column (with expertise gleaned from her former life as an all-star groupie, with a bullet) and make very personal films in between, with expertise gleaned from . . . but that's her own business.

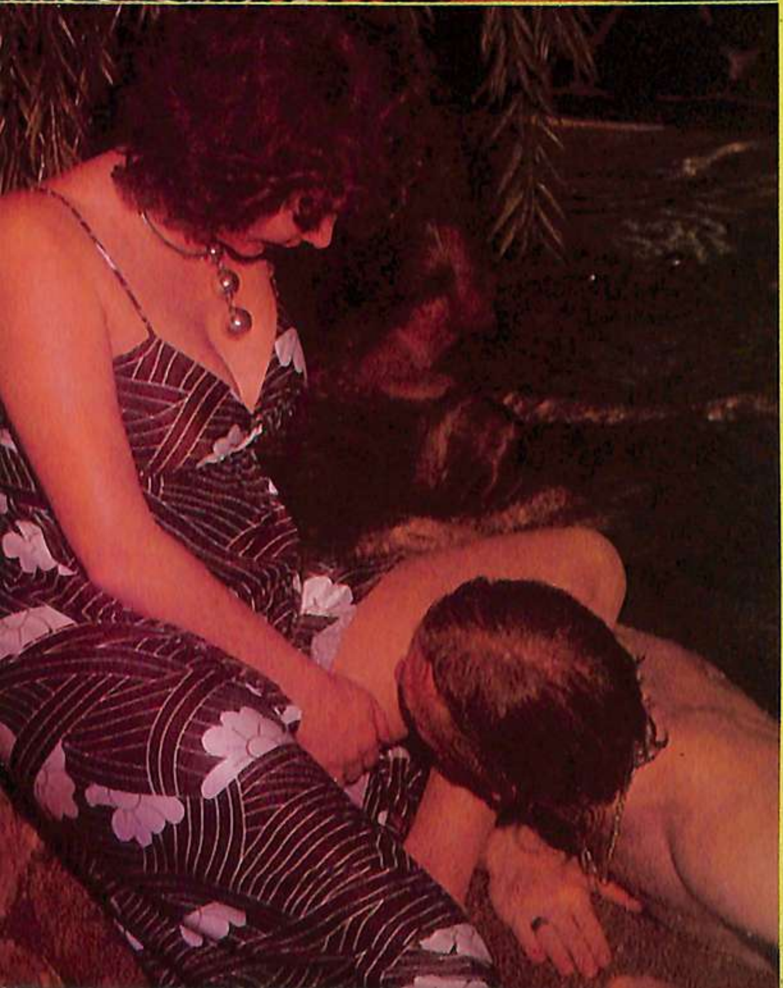
"C'mon, Fanne, take it off!" My audience was very appreciative. They didn't want to think about the fact that I had no strip costume underneath. I loosened one pink satin strap . . . I loosened it a little more . . . I gave everyone a quick flash. "There's much more in CHERI!" I promised, but they didn't seem to be in a mood to rush out from the theatre and buy the mag. I explained my great future researching the new Americn eroticism. However many gentlemen wanted it researched at that very moment on that very stage.

Andra came to my rescue by bounding over and mooning the audience as Suzanne touched her toes. Now that was more like it! Dear Cherry Bomb brought in the weightlifting segment (my lifting her 60' boobies) and cavorted about jumping rope and maneuvering the animals into astonishing poses. She really does have the largest breasts I've ever seen, and they've guaranteed her instant celebrity on any stage—but the really curious thing about her is her sweet, almost back-country personality. I needn't tell you that show business is full of neurotics and exhibitionists, but Cheri isn't one.

But when we started lining up in order of breast size, the audience broke into chaos. Well, we had to do something. Andrea had already ridden Suzanne around like a Shetland Pony and our fans were getting restless. A chorus line according to measurements would at least give them fond memories of mammarial abundance. Andrea's 34" was followed by Suzanne's 36"—but my 38" were followed by Cherry's 60". Guess who got the most cheers?

As pandemonium was running amok in

And heeeeeeere's CHERI!! For one crazy week, Chicago's Admiral theatre played host to a spectacular, mind-boggling performance by Cheri (60") Bomb and her somewhat smaller sidekick Suzanne (38") Feelie. Out to lend moral support—and an extra knocker or two—Fanne and Andrea joined them for a show that'll go down in Admiral Theatre history.



WOODY AND PEG'S FANTA-SWING

CLUB FANTASIA/P.O. BOX 7713/CHICAGO, ILL.

"Won't you join our ever-widening circle of friendship?", the brochure beckons. Woody and Peg, veteran swingers and organizers of this new social, swingers club, offers Chicago residents everything from free-frolicking weekends to cozy couples only Saturday night sprees. Their attitudes are warm, open and eager to please. Peg tells us to direct CHERI readers to contact them via their P.O. Box. A newsletter is in the works. Tourists and other transient couples are welcome to call for seasonal swing info: plan your vacation around it!

Chicago, when it comes to the swing scene, really is a toddlin' town. I had some experiences at a swing club that I've never run into in either California or New York, where life is much looser. Now I could never honestly see myself as a swinger, but as an alternate lifestyle it really does intrigue me. From time to time I like to go to a party and get involved—but I'm a very jealous person, and I prefer to make love to the people I really love, not share them. Still, I think the swinging question is one of the most important in the changing sex scene, and I'm gonna keep digging until I discover what there is to it, really, that appeals to more and more couples throughout the country.

Woody and Peg of Club Fantasia are completely sold on the lifestyle, to say the least. "There's been a survey done, like a Kinsey report," they told me emphatically, "and there're approximately 150,000 potential swingers in the Chicago area. Now we advertise as a couples club in the magazine *The Hot Line*, giving our home phone number, and we get a very heavy response. Sometimes as many as fifty couples a week ring up. Maybe they've made it with their best friends or next door neighbors but basically, they haven't fully cast aside their inhibitions, and they'd like to expand. Of course we can't turn them on to anything until we do an interview and find out what they look like, and where their heads are at."

Certain physical characteristics—and I admire Woody and Peg for being so up-front about this—evidently turn them off. "We aren't interested in obese people at all; if they're cute little chubbies, 5' tall and 300 pounds, we'll tell them about parties where they'd fit in much better. If they're 72 years old we'll tell them about the Silver Circle. It's an organization throughout the US for folks over 60 and very, very popular. And yes, I'll admit, with some members, there is a racial bias—although it really varies. Certain couples throw parties where, for example, black people are very welcome, even sought after. And many of them want to go with a white person. But that's only an example—it all depends on who's throwing the party and how they, personally, feel about it."

Woody and Peg both work other jobs at the moment, but soon they'll open a real Club Fantasia and devote their entire energies to its success. "We'll have different types of membership, a very private organization, where perhaps a fee of $50 a year gives you special benefits, and $25 will

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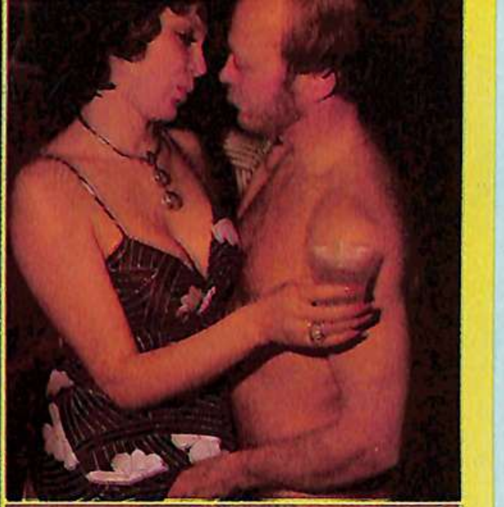

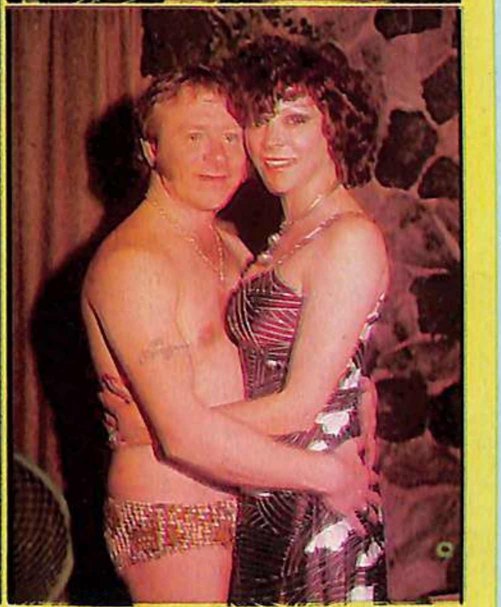

Club Fantasia organizers Woody (above) and Peg (below) invited us to a no holes barred swing party that really swung!

the theatre Mario graciously took the stage and announced an autograph session in the lobby, which prevented a general siege of the stage. Everyone filed out and reconnoitered as we signed Cherry's fulsome photos. "Yes. Mr. Mills was a lovely man and no, I don't strip much anymore," I answered to the more pressing questions. And I must say, no one was rude or obnoxious—just extremely curious and flattering. Flashbulbs popped. Celebrity can be great fun.

Then there's the discovery of our centerfold sweetheart and new midwestern representative, Tiffany Mannix, whom we nabbed while shakin' it up at a downtown go-go dive, *Country on Rush*. Her act was so inspiring I went onstage for a few fast turns myself—I never can resist loud dance music, and their sound system was so compelling it was either that or buy earplugs. Like all the dancers there, Tiffany's a wholesome, milk-fed girl who must've been a cheerleader a few years back—when you first wander into the joint you think it's some sort of sorority bash, the girls are that sweet. Many of Chicago's so-called 'sin spots' are an alluring combination of innocence and raunch that's very intriguing to us big-city sophisticates—at least I found it so. But then, Tiffany immediately revealed that her favorite magazine was *CHERI*, not *Seventeen*.

I also got into the action at *Johnny O's Supper Club*, a stronghold of sexy good times in suburbia. *Johnny O's* deserves a heck of a lot of credit for standing up to the upright, self-righteous citizens in its neighborhood who formed something called the Citizens Committee for Decency and tried to close its doors. For what? The worst crime ever perpetrated there was a moment of conversational intimacy between dancer and customer when he buys her a drink. The cops come through regularly to investigate charges of prostitution, which there ain't, in complaints lodged by folks who loathe nude dancing, which there is. I spoke with many of the male customers who said they hung out there because they simply liked the atmosphere of the place. They can't buy liquor, due to an ordinance passed a couple of years ago banning fully nude dancing in establishments that do serve—but they can buy fruit drinks or set-ups, and bring in liquor from the store next door. The girls can 'solicit' drinks—as the

HUSTLE A GO-GO

JOHNNY O'S SUPPER CLUB/21720 LINCOLN HIGHWAY/ CHICAGO, ILL.

Is there sex in the suburbs? Johnny O's is staging a veritable revolution in raunch out near Chicago Heights, where his naked ladies and go-go strippers are under constant attack from a nearby Baptist church. It gives the joint a certain excitement, together with the fervent, up-close flashing and mingling done by daring dancers amidst the hard and horny. Total nudity means no booze, and a fruit drink will cost you seven dollars, but there are some engrossing "extras" that come with it. And liquor is sold at a store next door. The Baptists, as of this writing, are girding their loins for another attack, but, as

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ANY GIRL FOUND
TAKING PILLS
OR SMOKING
GRASS ON THESE
PREMISES WILL
BE FINED $500.00
JOHNNY O

RETURN TOWELS
TO ATTENDANT

STEAM-MEAT

OHIO-STATE HEALTH CLUB/9 EAST OHIO STREET/CHICAGO, ILL./TELEPHONE: 312-467-6181

The Ohio State Club is one of the newer, hotter gay spas in the Chicago area. The club comes complete with saunas, steam rooms, exercise equipment and a corridor of closed-door cubicle-like rooms. There's a friendly meet-'n-greet TV room where out-of-towners and new members are made to feel right at home. For non-members there's a $1.00

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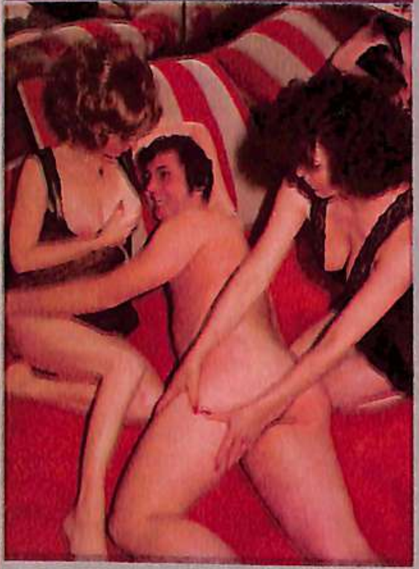
head of the country's vice-control unit terms it—but all that means is that you can buy about ten minutes of her charming company for $7, the average cost. Now in my day, in many strip clubs, girls hustled customers for astronomical sums for drinks served—with the assumption that anything goes, including things like her costume and inhibitions—in the name of 'mixing.' But she could also choose, simply, to share a conversation with a customer, taking a commission on whatever they drank—and this is how it is at *Johnny O's*. Does that sound like the decline and fall of western civilization? Not to me. And while I was there, I was very flattered to have a number of customers request my time—at the customary $7 a drink.

Actually, what really gave my Chicago trip some spice was the chance to participate, personally, in almost everything we researched. When I ran into Suzette, a spunky, forceful woman who runs a dynamite massage parlor, she was more than eager to explain the tricks—you'll pardon the pun—of her trade. Now this is how all massage parlors should be run, with personal attention and no bullshit promises. You know you're really *supposed* to get a massage at these institutions, not just a few fast feels with a little flirting thrown in. But from what I hear, a good rubdown is as rare as true love at the reception desk.

Suzette, who started as a massage girl herself, then got a few friends together to launch her own business, graciously taught me her technique on one of her 'steadies.' With hands like hers, even a neckrub is more erotic than what I've heard described in other places. Kneading my man's back muscles in that small, mirrored room, I could see why she had such devoted customers—I could literally feel the tension flowing out of him as I followed the muscles down his spinal column. Any girl who combined 'legit' techniques like these with the more perfunctory strokes a guy can get anywhere could really clean up. Isn't learning how to touch others what life is all about?

Which leads me straight to Irv Karchmar, tender-hearted muff maven and editor of a hot new men's magazine, *New Pink*. Now what kind of a man cooks up a title like *New Pink*? But there are many more sides to Irv's generous, great-hearted and above all playful, personality. He's just opened a



At Suzette's Escort Service, Fanne experienced her first visit to that new American pleasure fad: the massage parlor. Suzette herself showed Fanne the niceties of massage—with the help of a willing—and delighted—patron.

A RITZY RUB-SHOP

SUZETTE'S ESCORT SERVICE/701 NORTH WELLS STREET/CHICAGO, ILL./TELEPHONE: 312-787-2779

How can you resist a calling card that invites you to "Enjoy man's favorite sport in complete privacy . . . with the hostess of your choice"? Suzette's features a bevy of beauties that give you their best in mirrored and mattressed rooms far, far away from daily cares and strife. Boasting an extensive, upper-class clientele, it's a safe harbor for traveling execs and laid-back locals alike to relax and rejuvenate limp spirits. Prices vary according to need, as they do with so many things in this life, and they're open 24 hours a day, except for Saturday night, when they close at 4 a.m.

Any type of companionship a lonely guy could possibly desire is available at Suzette's, a hot little club where the little ladies may also be taken out for the evening, wined and dined, or even taken for a casual stroll around the lake, should a gentleman so

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plush playground, the *Buttonwood Health Spa*, where our lovely Tiffany was overexposed in the name of sexual photojournalism. The joint features a sauna, a pool, racquetball, exercise and sun rooms but most importantly, a whirlpool, where the CHERI staff eased away its hangovers in grand style. The club, at 1050 North State Street, really was great fun, and I recommend it to any of you as a quick pick-me-up on the Chicago scene—and listen, if any place could keep our group going, it deserves a four-star rating at the very least.

The romp continued to swing central, where Woody and Peg plugged us into the Chicago swing scene through their own *Club Fantasia*. Woody and Peg, two die-hards in the field of dalliance if ever I've met one, set up an elaborate and exclusive party to introduce us to their best friends, who number in the hundreds. In a lovely suburban house complete with sauna and pool—would you say that Chicagoans run to the sybaritic?—we met swingers from a wide variety of backgrounds. The club's 'ever widening circle of friendship' is committed to the ethic of good times for all. "Bring your friends. Tie them up, drag them in, we don't care how you do it—but they will thank you for it later!" pleads an announcement for one of their socials, and I think they're right. Woody and Peg throw one heck of a great party, and their hot-blooded hospitality could relax a congressional investigating committee, they're that friendly. At present they set up parties at various locations, but they'll soon have their own clubhouse as home base—call them if you're in the area and want to get acquainted.

Another equally dedicated couple has started up a magazine called *Compatibles*, published exclusively for the midwest swinger. A tasteful, very personal guide to every aspect of the scene, from individual ads to photo interviews to articles on how to run the perfect 'house party,' *Compatibles* is available on newsstands at $5 a copy or through a yearly subscription at $18. (Compatibles Publishing, Box 323, Carpentersville, Illinois 60110.) A typical personal ad (they're divided into categories, like female—Illinois) runs, "If you're into photography, I'm for you. Age 27, 5'7", 38-26-38. I enjoy exciting sessions and my husband

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"WHAT WAS YOUR CRAZIEST CUM?"

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I did with Annie Sprinkle . . . "

HELEN MADIGAN (Porn queen): "Oh God! There are so many . . . like the first time I met Jamie Gillis. It was back in 1972 and we fucked in one of those smelly toilets, those privy things they have at construction sites. What a riot! Then there was the time I met the co-pilot going from NY to Jamaica on a 747—fabulous! We had cocaine, champagne, and then I gave him a fantastic blow job right up there in the cock-pit."

JEFFREY (Student at NYU): "I was 18 and going with this girl and we decided to do LSD. First time for both of us. We did double-barrel Sunshine—in 45 minutes the walls were breathing and there was a skeleton in the mirror. So we went to bed. The fact is I'd forgotten totally about sex but she reminded me. Well I was on top of her, but suddenly she turned into someone else! Someone with green hair and feathers. Later we were doing soixante-neuf, 69, and I looked up at the clock—five hours had gone by, and we were still in the same position!"

MARIE (TV network secretary): "On our graduation night my boyfriend and I left the prom and decided to celebrate by having sex on the train tracks. We'd done it once before and found it so exciting. Well this time, we were really into it until we were suddenly interrupted by a glaring flashlight—it was a cop. He brought us to the station house for trespassing. It was against the law to be on the tracks after a certain hour at night!"

VALERIE (High-class NY masseuse): "This black guy picked me up and we went back to the room—said he'd give me $50 for a French. He got undressed and I blew him for a while. Then he said he wanted to eat my pussy. I figured, if it makes him cum faster, fine. Then he got dressed, claiming that he got turned on eating pussy with his clothes on. He started licking me really nice. Then I felt excruciating pain, like I've never felt in my life. Saw stars, screamed loud as I could and passed out. The fucker had tried to bite my clit off!

"I had to go to the hospital but I'm okay now, thank God. I still have my clit intact. That's the last time I'll ever let any trick go down on me."

GERARD DAMIANO (Film producer and director): "The most bizarre thing was in a dream . . . actually it was a nightmare. I dreamt I was stranded on a desert island with Annie Sprinkle, C.J. Laing and Jody Maxwell. And in the dream I was Linda Lovelace! Now that's some nightmare. It was really terrible."

DONNA (Successful astrologer): "A guy I knew invited me to his house. He was going to cook dinner for me so we could 'get to know each other.' He was very wealthy and had an absolutely incredible apartment. As he was making the salad, he put on a videotape of *Deep Throat*. He had one of those systems with the huge video screens, just great. We had a lovely dinner and then he breaks out the champagne. He was so sweet. Then we get up to his bedroom which has a big sunken bathtub that fits six. We took a bath and he gave me a fantastic massage. He gave the best head in the world. We had a great night of love-making after that.

"The next morning he wakes me up because he has to go to work but says I could sleep in. Then he says, 'I've got a surprise for you.' He flicks on a switch and I get a videotape playback of the whole night of screwing. I sat there and watched myself orgasming . . . I couldn't believe it! I had no idea he had been taping us."

SID E. (Erotic filmmaker): "I used to know this popular TV personality, a newsman. He was after my wife, it was pant-pant-slurp-slurp city, if you know what I mean. Well, finally, I told him, 'You can screw my old lady if I can get head from yours.' You see, I'd heard a lot about his girlfriend. She was very young and crazy and was supposed to give the best blow job in New York. So he says okay and goes into the bedroom with my wife. Then his girlfriend drops to her knees and begins to give me some fantastic head. It was a beautiful apartment, real high up, and you could see practically all of Manhattan out of the windows. So I looked down at this young girl and I said, "I can't believe I'm staring out over the city and getting such fantastic throat. It's outrageous!" The poor little pup was so grateful for my compliment, she just started dripping out of her pussy. She was a broad who loved to be appreciated. I think she came six times while blowing me . . . . "

TANYA (Works in a $40 house): "There's a guy who comes here a lot. In fact, he goes to all the houses a lot. First off, he pretends like he's blind. He has a cane and one of those watches for blind people. We all know he's not blind, but he really is very believable . . . I guess he just likes to get turned on by being led around and pampered. He's got some act: bumps into walls, needs to be dressed and undressed. Then, don't ask me why, he always brings a hairnet and puts it on until he leaves. Plus, believe it or not, he has twelve toes and twelve fingers! I swear to God! And to top it all off, he has the smallest itsy-bitsiest cock I've ever seen. It's about a half-inch long. His toe is bigger than his dick. I never met a guy with so many little quirks."

NANCY (Popcorn girl at an all-nite theatre): "It would have to be the time I came while being raped. That was pretty bizarre. I was staying the night at this guy's house. We were just friends; we'd never made love together in the eight years I'd known him. He was an engineer and shared an apartment with two other engineers. Anyway, I'm sound asleep and one of his roommates comes in fairly drunk and pounces on top of me and starts fucking away. I hardly knew the guy and I was still half asleep. Then, all of a sudden, I have this huge orgasm! So I started to really wake up and realize that, shit, I'd just been violated! I really didn't feel like complaining, but I knew it was expected of me, so I tried my best to get mad and he left."

JODY MAXWELL (No intro needed): "I had a real bad case of the flu and I was giving my boyfriend head. Right when he was about to come, I deep-throated him. This short-circuited my breathing and I barfed all over his cock. Was I embarrassed! But I caught every last drop of come!"

LARRY (Art director): "I was traveling through Europe with this girl I had met. We'd been up for three days with no sleep. Finally, we got a little hotel room and crawled into bed. I mean I was really exhausted. So we start making it and I'm so wasted I begin hallucinating. Suddenly, she looks like a man and I get really paranoid. I'm thinking, 'My God, I must be fucking some guy up the ass!' Meanwhile, she's really into it, y'know, but I'm wild and scared, so I leap up and throw her halfway across the room. Boy, was she surprised! Finally, she reassured me by letting me examine her pussy very closely. I was really embarrassed!"

PETER WOLFF (Editor of *CHERI*): "It didn't *happen* to me but I watched it happen which is just as bad, I guess. I was out in the boonies of Long Island, interviewing this lifetime sadist and his old lady. The guy had just finished writing a definitive book on beating up on your wife, okay? So I'm taping this rap with them and there's this third guy there. We're sitting at the kitchen table and the kids are running all over the place. The extra guy is introduced to me as the wife's 'nice' lover; the husband is the 'mean' lover. Fine and dandy. I talk to them for about half an hour, then I ask the wife, "You been getting beat up on for twenty years, what do you get out of it?' She thinks a minute and says, 'Tell you the honest truth . . . nothing!' The husband looks thunderstruck! In thirty seconds, she's undone two decades of lying and security. Within minutes, the whole thing breaks down. The lover announces he can't stand the lovey-dovey family threesome and wants to take her away. The husband is crushed. I turn off the tape and leave. The husband moves out of the bedroom. The lover moves in. The wife goes bananas. The lover gets rejected and goes out to Queens and kills himself . . . From this I learned that you can't take sex reportage too lightly . . . ever.

ALEX BENNETT (Radio, Cable-TV personality, creator of 'Midnight Blue'): "The time I met a girl who wouldn't have sex with me until the third date!"

LYN (Striptease artist): "Well, I was walking my dog one day, and I got the idea to write down the phone number in the booth right across from my apartment window. The next day I was sitting there, looking out the window with my binoculars and a man walked by the booth. I dialed the number and he answered. I said something like, 'Your fly is open,' and started breathing heavy. It was so much fun I kept it up for months. But about six months later, when I'm making a call in Grand Central Station, the phone rings and a guy says to *me*, 'Ya know, lady, I can see your tits and I'd love to eat your pussy.' Talk about cause and effect!"

PETER (Massage parlor manager, sexually straight): "Last week a customer came in and I described our different sessions for him. I've got 13, 14 girls hanging out in the lounge and I tell him to go in and pick one—they're all great looking. He takes a brief look, comes back and leans over the desk and asks if *I'm* available. 'Hell, no!' I tell him. But he's very persistent and won't go. Finally I convince him that I have a very jealous boyfriend . . . *that* he understands, and he leaves."

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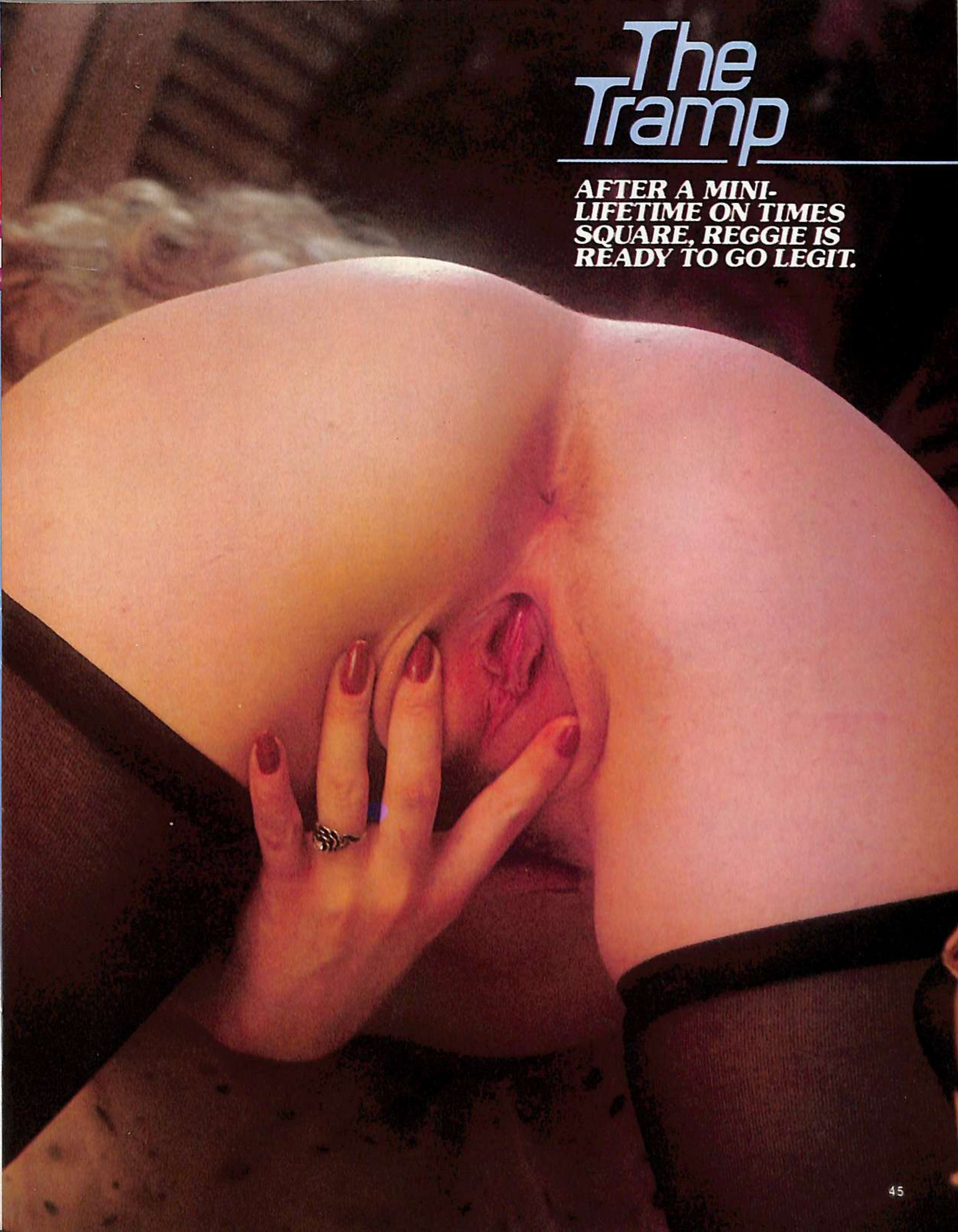

The Tramp

AFTER A MINI-LIFETIME ON TIMES SQUARE, REGGIE IS READY TO GO LEGIT.

Tired of balling in back-alleys, barrooms, and bowl-o-dromes, Reggie is taking acting lessons.

Long before Reggie came to New York, long before she was born, long before she was even a gleam in her grandfather's eye, Times Square was regularly denounced as the Sodom of the New World. The sexsmut on its newsstands,the salaciousness on its stages, its tawdry billboards, and lewd dancehalls and nightclubs were widely hailed as the beginning of the end of Western civilization.

Long before Reggie made Times Square's backalleys her home-away-from-home, politicians were using this grim and glittery gallery of perversion as the whipping boy for American moral decay.

They did it in the Thirties and the Forties, led by right-wing citizens groups who believed that, while war was hell, Victory girls were

Today, as in the Thirties, Times Square is still the whipping boy of the right wing.

even worse. They did it in the Fifties and Sixties, while the sex merchants moved from the coy and suggestive to the blatant and bleary. The interesting thing is that no matter what the subject matter, the invectives never changed. The scandal of a knee in the Thirties, a boob in the Fifties, or an on-stage blowjob in the Seventies all drew the same sermonizing, moral horror, and warning of Armageddon.

All during this period, the meat of Times Square continued to be underaged runaways, do-anything street urchins who would take minimum pay and maximum abuse to man the honky-tonk body salons, the bawdy burlyques, and feelthy fleeks. The work

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Photographs by Peter Hurd

"WHAT'S A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU FLUFFING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?"

"WHAT… AND GIVE UP SHOW BUSINESS?" ANSWERS YOUNG ACTRESS MICHELLE LAKE.

By MICHELLE LAKE

For twenty years, Morris worked with the circus, cleaning up elephant shit from the floor of the Big Top.

One day, his brother-in-law Izzie came to him and said, "Morris, quit this messy job. I have for you a job in my store, nine to five, $250 a week, your own secretary, a health plan, and a pension."

"What?" responded Morris, shoveling a load of elephant turds into a bin, "and give up show business?"

To understand the meaning of this story is to understand fluffing.

Pan Shot: My Intro To Fluffery

"Don't worry sweetheart, it's so *easy*. Kinda like bun warming—only it's something besides buns you warm."

Now what did he mean? I had a fast flash of myself running around with a big pink powder puff on set, dabbing at the actors' crotches on cue,

"Well . . . I really can't say fluffing is my forte. . . . In fact, what the fuck is it?"

"You'll be off-camera. You'll keep the boys hard. You know how to blow?"

But but but . . . But the money was great. But I'd already "acted" in two other pornos, and *Inside Jennifer Welles* sounded like it was gonna be a class flick. "Sure," I told him, a little shaky, "you can count on me."

Cut To: A Night Different From All Other Nights

"You've got a job as a *what?*"

"Um . . . yeah . . . in a porn film . . ."

"Those X films . . . *what?*"

"Yeah . . . a pornographic movie . . ."

"Oh my God!!! My little girl making FUCK FILMS!!"

Extreme emotion. Tears, gasps, 'Oy veys!' and a lot of breast beating. And finally, a graceful acceptance of fact, which ain't bad for 65-year-old straight Jewish parents. Pretty marvelous, except for one thrust which kept running through my head, "So what's next in your career, Shelley . . . prostitution?"

I got very upset and ran to the john . . . uh, bathroom. Emotional upsets always go straight to my bowels. No, I told myself, you're not a whore. It's honest employment, even if one's yiddisha grandma almost has cardiac arrest. Kinky, but honest. I was there to serve kind of like a . . . nurse, or something. Kind of.

Positions, Everyone . . . On Your Knees

Since I was gonna be off camera there were no hassles about a costume. I wore my jeans, battered Treks and a schoolgirl sweater. I brought my knitting (yes, we *can* do other things!).

Not a great beginning, fans. The flick was being shot in a huge brownstone in one of Brooklyn's raunchier sections. The place was complete chaos—cameras,

lights, crew guys running everywhere. The director greeted me warmly, but I sensed a smirk in there somewhere. And I got another bad vibe—no privacy. On my other two shoots, things were professional and very discreet. No one was permitted on set during the filming except the director, the cameraman and the participating actors. But here, I was to perform an intimate act . . . 'warming up' the guys . . . in a situation where everyone could watch. The costume man, the middle-aged couple who owned the house, the mailman, anybody hanging out. They wouldn't see me with a script in my hands, they'd see me with a cock in my mouth. I remembered the look on my father's face when I told him, and cringed.

We were all together on set . . . the voluptuous Jennifer, twelve virile studs . . . and me. I was becoming more terrified by the moment. I sat down on the side and began knitting, and guys drifted over. "What're you here for?"

"Oh . . . I fluff."

"Far out." Looks changed from mild interest to outright lust.

They changed into tuxedos. The scene was a classy cocktail party. As I sat clicking my needles, choked with guilt and terror, feeling my throat tighten with each passing glance, the assistant director took the actors aside to psych them into passion.

"Here it is, guys . . . Jennifer's hot to do her best with youse. She's *very excited* about this scene. Seeing you all in tuxes really turns her on—so let's give her all we got, right?"

"THE DIRECTOR SUDDENLY ANNOUNCED AN INCREDIBLE SCENE. HIS EIGHT MALE ACTORS WERE GOING TO CUM SIMULTANEOUSLY. IT WAS CLEARLY A JOB FOR SUPERFLUFF!"

My palms were sweating. My hands and feet were ice cold, and of course I had to go to the bathroom. But he grabbed me. "Now, Michelle, you've got a *very important* job. Jennifer's working with these men. It's *essential* that they all stay hard on camera. She can handle only so many, so you've gotta work to keep them up. (Who's gonna keep *me* up?) Maybe you should come downstairs without your blouse . . . ya know, look sexy, bring out the best in these guys."

"Uh . . . look sexy? . . . take my blouse off?"

"Yeah. Better still, take off all your clothes. That'll really help to warm them up."

He patted me on the head and sauntered off. I barely made it to the john in time.

Aaaaaaaaaand They're Off—Literally!

"Quit on the set!"

"Okay, boys, you're all gonna have numbers, one to eight. Starting with you, Tommy, you're #1. When you walk on camera to Jennifer, #2 goes to Michele for a nice little warm-up. Got it?"

A nice little warm-up? He made me sound like Nurse Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy giving out cough medicine. I was shaking in my green striped knee sox (no, I didn't take it all off). But after the first few strokes . . .

"That's it, #4! Next—#5!"

"No . . . #7."

"Hey . . . it's not your turn yet!"

"Yeah, but you looked so good down there, I figured . . ."

"Wait a minute . . . #5! Over

(Continued on page 78)

FIRST-TIME OFFER.

EXCLUSIVE

AVAILABLE ONLY THROUGH cheri

Here's the stag movie buy of a lifetime! As you CHERI regulars already know, Cherry Bomb's boobs are *unbelievable*. And so are these two films, available for the first time, right here on the pages of America's cummiest news magazine.

That's right, folks. Now you and your friends can stare in amazement as the colossally-constructed Cherry leaps into action from the pages of our magazine in gorgeous, living, breathing color, bouncing her fantastic tits in super slow motion and assaulting her gorgeous pussy with the fastest and meanest fingers in town.

These two films are collector's items and are offered on a limited edition basis for the low, low price of $30 a piece, $50 for the pair!

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The most incredible big-bust footage ever recorded on 8mm film. Watch what the incredbile Cherry Bomb does to a long, hard carrot with her hot mouth and gigantic tits. Marvel at the slow-motion dance of the hugest bust of all time (you won't believe the action when she jumps rope or beats her meat!) This unbelievable film is two-hundred feet of non-stop, big-tit action, ending in an earth-shattering cum that will have *you* creaming *your* jeans. This is a film that will break ice at parties and steam up your loneliest nights. And it's *only* $30!

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This film gets both men and women so crazed for heavy-duty loving that you won't believe it. For starters, there's Cherry's monster tits swinging and swaying in the breeze, seeing plenty of X-rated action from both fingers and tongues. Then there's the beaver-barbering sequence that is the shaved pussy sequence to end all shaved pussy sequences! You won't believe the brutality when Cherry attacks her pubic hairs with a sword-edged razor. Then you'll stare in disbelief as her red-hot, bald-as-a-billiard-ball beaver opens its drippy lips for you. When her hot and horny fingers savagely attack that hairless womb, she gets the most superorgasm ever seen on celluloid. This is two-hundred feet of gorgeous, high-class color and it's only $30.00, shipping included.

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LIMITED EDITION.

"WHAT WAS YOUR CRAZIEST CUM?"

(Continued from page 44)

DIANA (Pot smuggler): "I ran into an old friend from high school I hadn't seen in years—we started seeing each other. One day we were in my apartment making love, and in a fit of passion I accidentally punched him in the nose. He was bleeding like crazy—blood all over us, all over the sheets. I thought it was hysterical and started laughing my ass off, but he was really upset. He left, and I never heard from him again."

CINDY (Waitress): "Once I was making it with this guy in a car. I was using a diaphragm and each time you do it you're supposed to put in more cream with this plastic applicator. But he was very eager, and as he moved his head down, the dumb thing flipped out of my hand and the cream went all over him. I was laughing so hard I couldn't make a move to wipe it off."

JANICE (Swinger): "The first time I went down on a girl she was holding her pussy open with her fingers. I closed my eyes and started licking and sucking her clit. But she wasn't responding. After a few minutes, she told me I was eating her finger tip, and not her clit."

GARY (Friend and next-door neighbor): "I used to go out with a girl who was into white witchcraft, and witchcraft through the power of sex. One night she told me to go upstairs to her room and she would initiate me. She lit candles and incense and had me spread-eagled on the bed. She was very serious, but I wanted to laugh. 'No matter what happens,' she says, 'you're never allowed to touch me.' She started chanting louder and louder as she poured oils all over me and rubbed me down. Then she started blowing me. Ever so often she'd take my cock out of her mouth and say some mumbo-jumbo magic words over it, then put it back, over and over. It made me so crazy that I couldn't touch her. Yet it was an incredible sensation, and even though I was perfectly straight I was totally spaced by the time it was over. There was definitely something to it. I've never had that sensation since."

LINDA (Wall Street broker): "I met this very straight—at least he *looked* straight—stockbroker at a bar on First Avenue. God, he was gorgeous. Fifteen minutes later we're up at his apartment getting it on! But as we're fucking he pops a bullet of amyl nitrate under my nose. Completely freaked me out. I slapped his face and yelled, 'What are you doing to me?' But I was starting to rush. He reached over calmly and kissed me, putting his tongue in my mouth—after that, forget it. I went crazy, I began begging him, 'Do it to me!' After that I couldn't get enough of that stuff."

VALERIE (Call girl): "I had these strange clients, two gay guys who would come over to my apartment, screw each other—and pay me $100. For the first few times I'd start to play up to them to earn my money, but they wouldn't stand for it. All I was supposed to do was watch. Weird, huh?"

TIA (Topless dancer): "I was supposed to meet this man in Mexico City. But he got there a few days before I did and connected up with a cute little Mexican hooker. He told me she'd show us the sights and take us around the city. But the next morning, when she came to our hotel, the desk clerk wouldn't let her come up. My guy was furious and raised hell. "I'm paying more than $100 a day and I can't have my friends visit my room?" We packed our bags and were gonna move to another hotel. But the little Mexican girl insisted we stay at her place. So we spent two weeks in a Mexican whorehouse. What a trip! I'll never forget asking one girl who worked there what she did for birth control. 'Oh,' she says, 'I a Catholic, I no do anything like that.'"

BOBBY ASTYR (Porn film star): "I was doing a scene with a girl who was crazy about body make-up. She rubbed against me and my blue suit turned pink. When it came time for the cum shot she was chained up on her knees, with five guys standing around who were supposed to cum on her face. For her close-up, they gave me a cup of egg whites to dribble on her. I accidentally poured the whole thing on her head—under the hot lights, she looked just like an omelet."

JULIE (Prostitute): "I used to work on gambling junkets—you never knew I used to work for the mob? The fortune I made! I went all over the world, wherever there was gambling, and they paid for the trip. I'd have a beautiful suite in the best hotel—and all I had to do was make myself available to the men on the junket. Once I was at the ——— Hotel on Paradise Island. It was the middle of the afternoon, most of the gamblers were asleep or hung over, so I went out and sat in the pool—you know, it had underwater bar stools facing the bar.

"So I'm sitting there swigging a pina colada and one of my guys swims up and sits beside me. As he orders a drink he slips my hand inside his suit and puts his inside mine. So we're sitting half underwater facing a bunch of people, trying to act natural and giving each other terrific hand jobs. Suddenly there's a big splash behind us and a kid pops out of the water with a face mask on. He jumped out of the water and ran off and told his mommy all about us—that alone got me off!"

ANNIE SPRINKLE (Saved myself for last, knowing you'd be good and hot by now): "I was shooting a huge orgy scene with about fifteen other players. It was the middle of the summer, the air conditioner was broken and the windows had to be kept closed because of traffic noise. The hot lights were beating down on us. As you can imagine, we were sweating like pigs even before we started screwing.

"The room got hotter and hotter. Finally, the fire sprinkler system was activated, spraying us all with blue chemical water. All over the cameras, the electrical systems, the costumes, the rented furniture—everything. Just as we were telling each other we couldn't believe it, the Fire Department burst in. They were kinda surprised to see sixteen naked, friendly people running around dripping blue water. And the guys weren't bad looking. Nikki, one of the actresses, flashed her pussy at them and I followed suit. They were all good-humored guys and took it in stride. When they left they were laughing—and probably a lot hornier."

THE BIONIC TONGUE

(Continued from page 17)

looking at me. Thrill-City!

After we finished the photos of me mingling with the metal we moved on into the whirlpool room. By this time I was a pro and started suggesting poses to Peter. Personally I can really get into making it in the water. One real hot day last summer this guy and I went down to the beach right off Lakeshore Drive. Well, soon enough I found out that hot didn't only describe the weather! We ran into the lake and before I could do one stroke my breast was pulled out of my top and my watery romance began.

These feelings came to me as I swirled around in the whirlpool and I almost wished Peter would stop snapping and join me for some hot water sports (only kidding, Peter!). When the session was over I couldn't believe how happy and excited I was. Three short days ago I was just hanging out and now I was buddy-buddy with The Fanne Foxe, The Peter Hurd and a girl editor from a magazine I really dug.

Granted my life hanging around the club is not a bad scene. First off, I only do about five sets a night. I have some incredible costumes that eventually end up on the floor, but while they're on, they're dynamite! While I'm not dancing, (which I love 'cause I'm super into choreography), I mingle with the customers; in other words, I hustle drinks. This sometimes depresses me but it's the only way to make money stripping now-a-days. We get a small but decent percentage of whatever our customer's tab is. Actually sometimes it's a lot of fun. I meet loads of guys from out of town, conventioneers and all, who really get off on talking to us. They treat us like movie stars since we're on stage. The big money comes when we get a guy to order a bottle of champagne. The price is $160. When a guy decides to buy the champagne, he gets to drink it in a private back room, with, natcherly, the dancer of his choice. I don't know about the other girls, but I get about six champagners a week, and at $20 a round (my share) that ain't bad. As far as what goes on behind closed doors . . . I don't know. It's up to the individual girl. I never promise anything. If a guy flips out, I call for the manager. I really enjoy the performing aspect of my work most of all. I left my home in Texas at a very (illegally) young age and I headed out west to California. I ended up in Colorado learning to strip and perfecting numbers. A dancer turned me on to Chicago as a cool place to work so, when I felt like moving on, I relocated here. One day I hope stripping will become popular and legit again. When this happens I'll be the first on the road-to-runway stardom.

As everything stands now, I plan to be doing a lot more for CHERI. Like I told Andrea and Peter, Chicago and its surrounding areas are filled with girls who are dying to get into nude modeling but don't have the opportunity to. Many of my friends would love to bare their bods for your readers so you should definitely check them out. Others who're interested can see me at "Country." Peter told me to set up

(Continued on page 71)

FROOTS

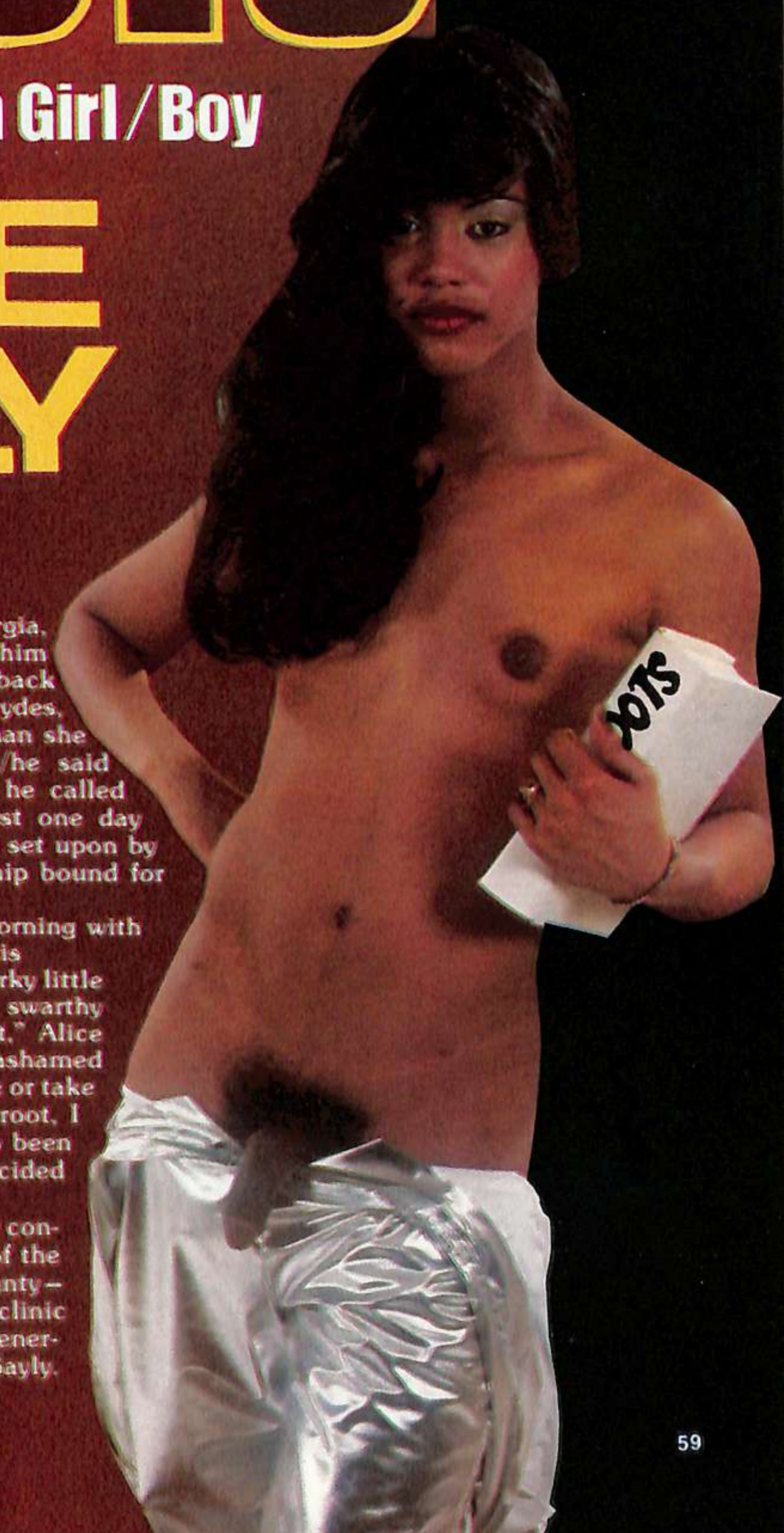
The Saga Of An American Girl/Boy

ALICE GAYLY

When she/he was a girl/boy in Swishly, Georgia, Alice Gayly's bubba/zayde used to tell her/him stories about the mishpocha—fairy tales that went back to her bubbas and zaydes and *their* bubbas and zaydes, down through the generations all the way to a man she called "Bongo with the Longo Schlongo." She/he said "Bongo" had lived across the ocean near what he called the "*Ghana Ria*" and had been out in the forest one day chopping off heads to make trinket when he was set upon by a group of pirates and dragged aboard a slave ship bound for the Colonies.

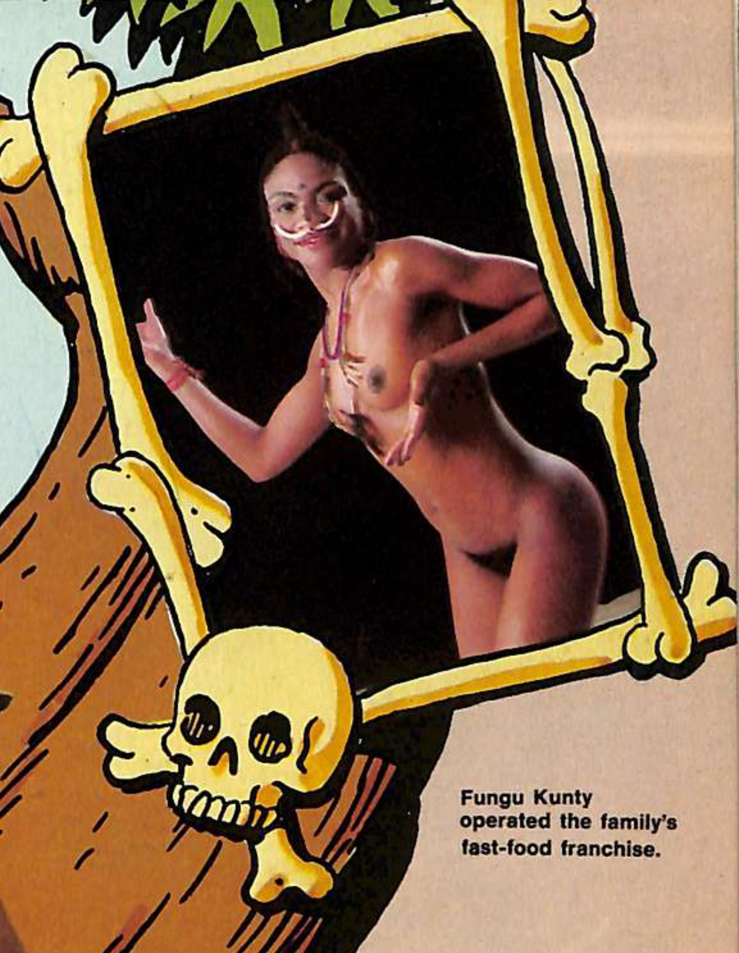
Some ten years ago, Alice Gayly woke one morning with a terrible hangover. As she/he stared down her/his naked, lithe body, with her/his smooth skin and perky little tits, her gaze came to rest on her/his slender swarthy sexstick. "As I lay there, contemplating my root," Alice recalls, "I got to thinking that all my life I'd been ashamed of that root. I mean, honey, I'm 100% fee-male, give or take seven inches. And whilst I was thinking on my root, I started wondering about my *roots*, which I'd also been ashamed of. It was right there and then that I decided to find out who my anchestors really were."

It took half a million miles of travel across three continents, but finally, he discovered the real name of the son of "Bongo with the Longo Schlongo"—Klitty Kunty—as well as the precise location of Bongo Kunty's VD clinic and fast-food shop. What follows is the saga of five generations of the Kunty family, culminating in Alice Gayly.



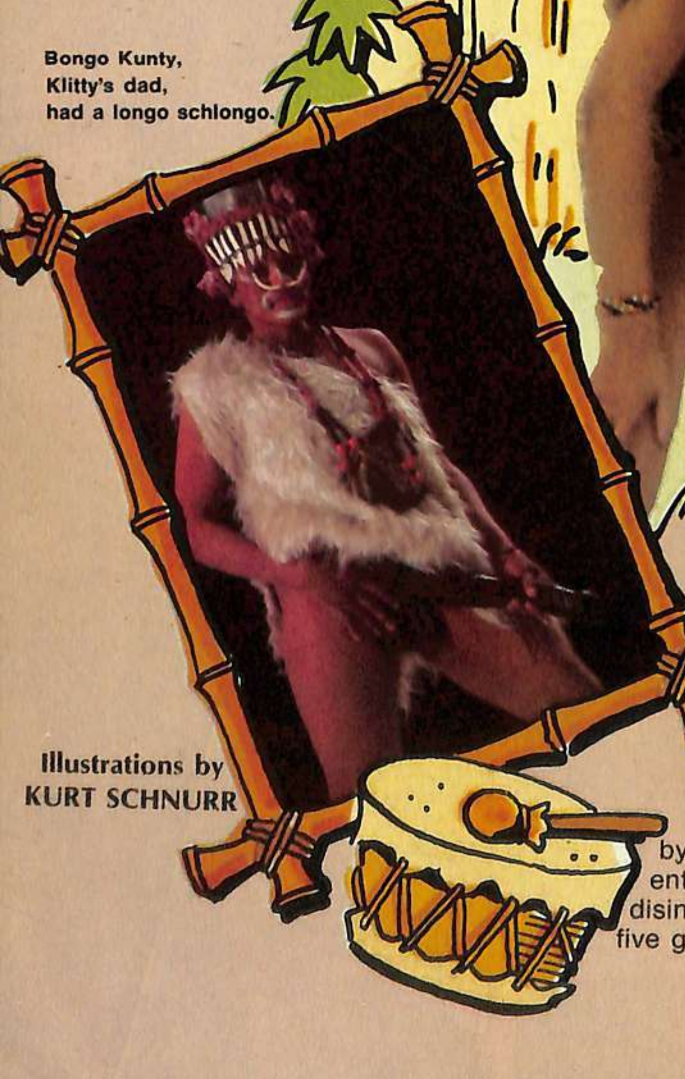
Klitty Kunty, he was sold to the slavers.

KIKYU FRIED MISSIONARY
SKINS



Fungu Kunty operated the family's fast-food franchise.

Bongo Kunty, Klitty's dad, had a longo schlongo.



Missionary Lilly White was served for dinner, May 11, 1794.

Illustrations by KURT SCHNURR

KUNTY IS CAPTURED WHILE SHRINKING HEADS

Bongo Kunty, he of the Longo Schlongo, was a Witch Doctor and Shrinker of Heads in the tiny African village of Dongo in the Congo. He had a wife, Fungu, who ran a small fast-food stand which specialized in Missionary Stew and deep-fried Honkybones, all of which were hunted and gathered by the family's young son/daughter, Klitty Kunty. Klitty, an enterprising sort, took after his daddy in that he was mass-merchandising shrunken honkyheads even in his early teens. When Alice Gayly, five generations later, returned to the village with only the word "Ghana Ria" as a clue, the natives understood her/him perfectly and took her/him directly to Bongo Kunty's run-down VD clinic and group headshrinking center. They told her/him that young Klitty had been out in the bush, stalking a buxom English missionary with a particularly promising skull when he had been whisked away to a waiting slave ship and packed off to America. "He was a real find," Alice wrote in her book. "He would make someone a terrific field hand. And if he failed that, he'd be an excellent wife. . . ."

MY NAME IS
BOOBY
MY NAME IS
BOOBY
MY NAM
BOOB
UNCLE
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183
FUC
YOU
XXX

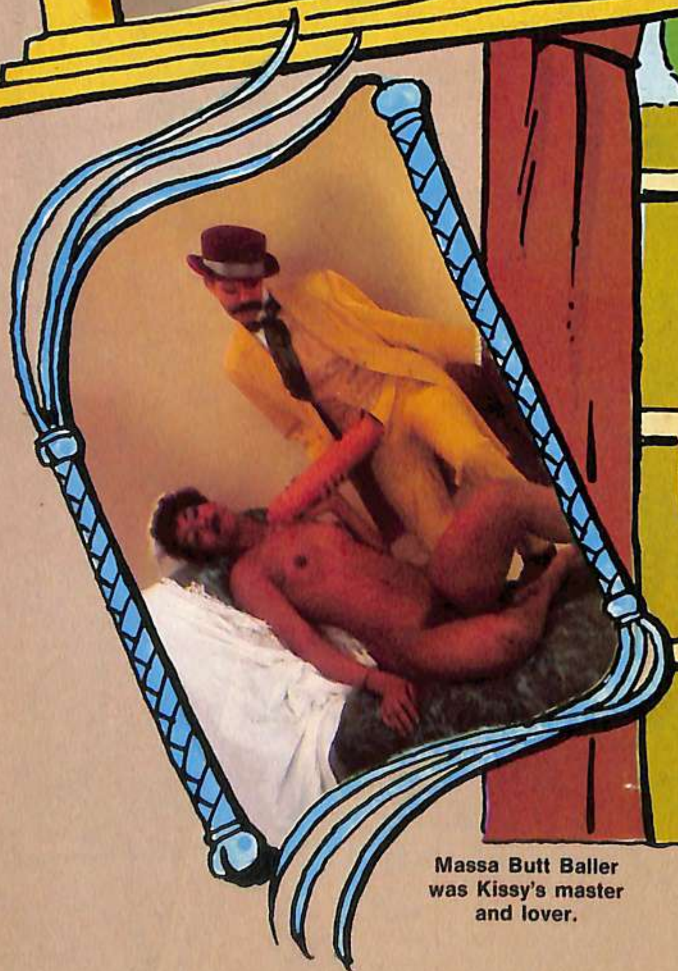
Captain Bluemuff beats the shit out of Bull.

The Piddler, wise old gal and water sports aficionado.

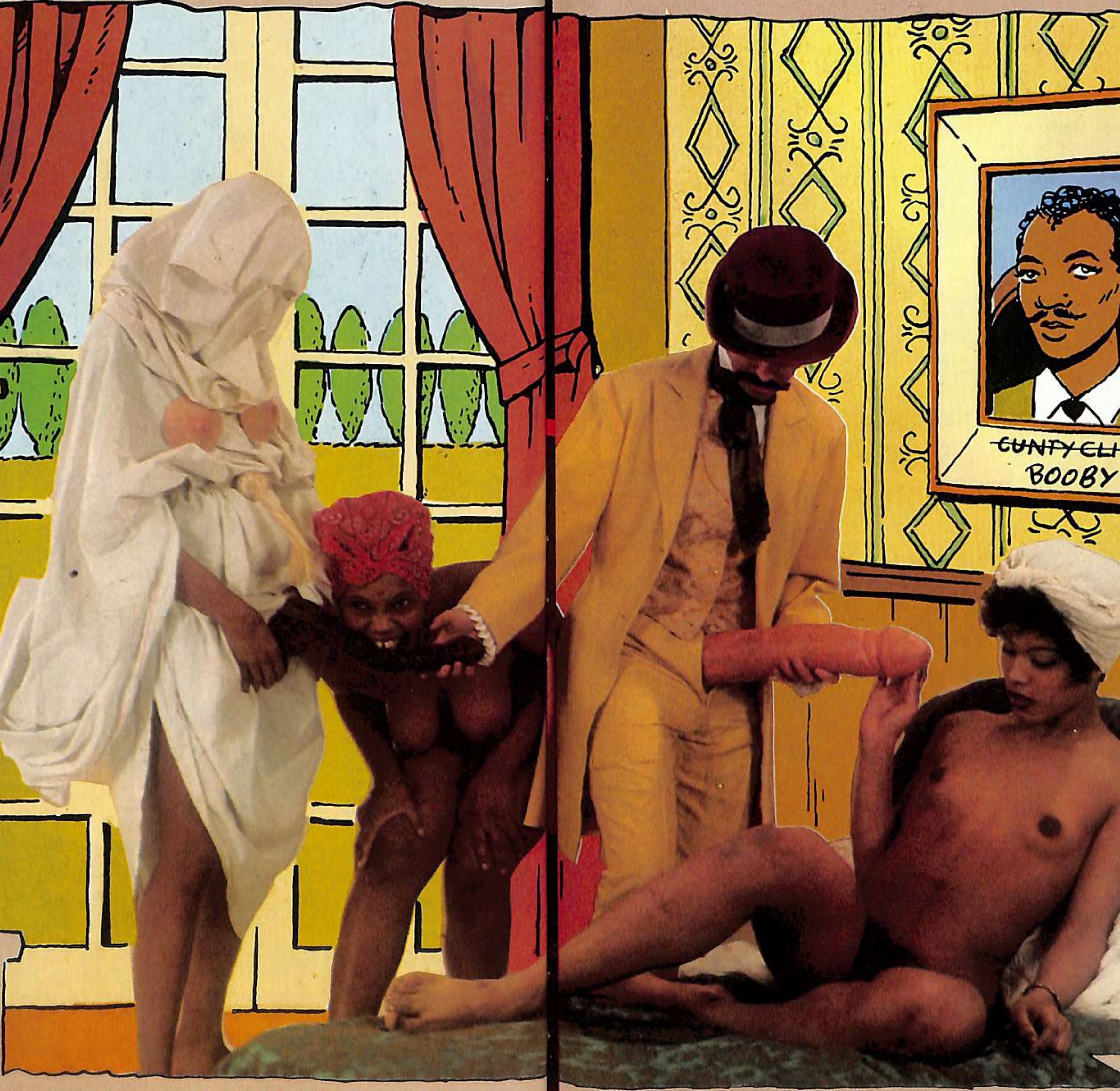
THE VOYAGE TO AMERICA: KLITTY BECOMES BOOBY

The trip to America took many lives. Captain Bluemuff was a cruel and sadistic taskmaster. He gave Klitty Kunty a new slave name, "Booby" but the proud head-shrinker would not accept it. So Captain Bluemuff beat young Klitty's back bloody. Finally, after many beatings and other humiliations, the wicked captain succeeded in getting Klitty to write his hated new name fifty times on the ship's blackboard. But the trip was not totally a waste. Klitty met a busty young slavegirl named Bull and won the cruise's shuffleboard championship. During the journey, he was befriended by an ancient African woman named "The Piddler" who teached him the joys of water sports and performed an ancient marriage ritual for him and Bull. At journey's end, Captain and crew alike were shocked when it was determined that Klitty, not Bull, was pregnant. Their daughter was called "Little Kissy Kunty."

KISSY KUNTY AND THE MASSA



Massa Butt Baller was Kissy's master and lover.



Missie Kukla Kelly Kidd and the aged Bull Kunty were an item.

Booby and Bull had a daughter, Little Kissy Kunty. Little Kissy was the slave of the mean and ornery Massa Butt Baller and he frequently misused and abused her frail and available young form. Kissy had a white girlfriend named Missie Kukla Kelly Kidd who was half-black and half-white and half-man and half-woman. Missie and Kissy also got it on with Bull, who was 115 years old by this time. All in all, the Baller plantation was a total confusion of races and sexes and nobody knew quite where they stood or lay, least of all Kissy who all-day sucked the Massa's monkey while waiting for a chance to off him. That chance came when she gave birth to a cute and peculiar little boy named Cocky Georgie Kunty-Kidd-Baller.

COCKY GEORGIE BUYS HIS FREEDOM WITH FOWL-PLAY

Kissy's little boy, the rakish Cocky Georgie, discovered early in life that the key to his freedom was the insertion of a stiletto-sharp spur on his own cockie. "You got a way with cocks, Cocky Georgie," is the way his massa Daddy Butt put it, "Stick wit' it, an' yawl could be the champeen cockboxer in the South." For years, however, Georgie was nothing but a clubhouse cockboxer, touring the ribs-'n-chitterlings circuit, winning mini-matches for mini-paydays. Finally, he got his big break: a twelve-round cockbout with the British champion, Lord Bobby-Booby. Whilst Mizzie Lezzie and Georgie's aging 146-year-old aunt, Pizzie, frotted and fondled in the ringside seats, Cocky Georgie thrilled the fans, drawing blood in the fifth, seventh, and ninth rounds. Between the tenth and eleventh rounds, Daddy Butt told Georgie that, if he won, he'd have his freedom. But this was not to be Georgie's day. Lord Bobby-Booby hit him with an uppercut to the glans and followed with a spur to the right jewel. It was all over. Bleeding and defeated, Georgie retreated to his corner, vowing to take his own children to the promised land in a Cadillac.

SCORE
COCKY GEORGE
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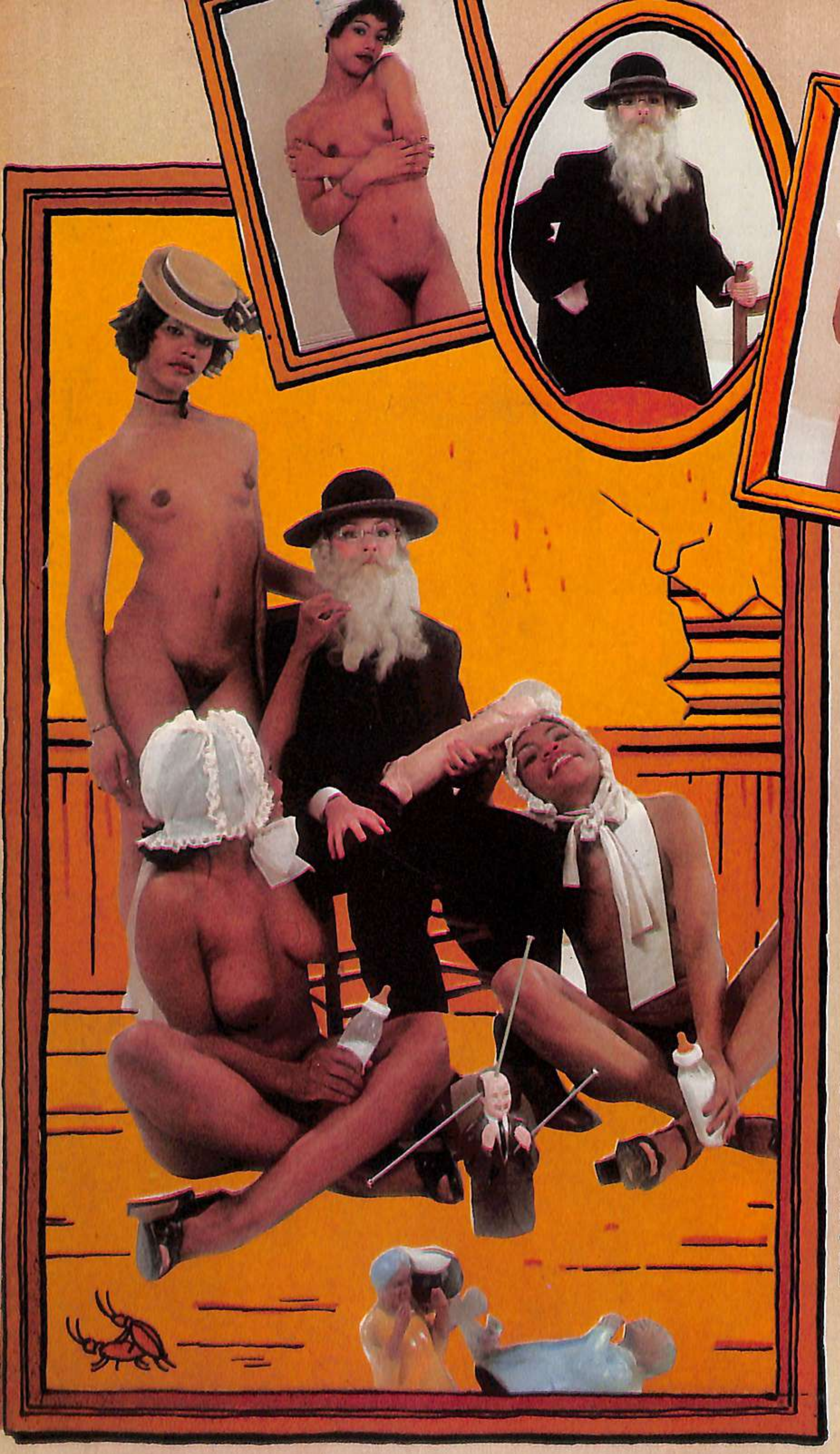
6
CHER



FLOOZIE FINDS WEALTH

Cocky Georgie had a daughter, Floozie Klitty-Baller, who left the South after the Civil War and journeyed to a place called Harlem, where she obtained employment as a domestic and found her own personal promised land, a two-room flat in a building owned by nursing home operator, Gumbel Blumberg. Gumbel and Floozie had two daughters, Mumbo and Jumbo Blumberg. True to her grandma's code, Floozie taught her daughter to hate merchants, landlords, and money-changers and gave them little voodoo dolls to practice on. Mumbo Blumberg eventually became a gospel singer and Jumbo Blumberg went into men's ties. Mumbo had one son. His name was Iceberg Blumberg . . . and he was Alice Gayly's daddy.

ICEBERG BLUMBERG: PIMP WITH A PURPOSE

Iceberg Blumberg grew up in a nice home. His momma sang gospel songs. His daddy either hustled dominoes, shined shoes, or tap-danced. As a result, he took his momma's last name. For twenty years, 'Berg was the scourge of 42nd Street. His stable consisted of three fine ladies of the night: Staley Daley, Bailey Mayleas, and Dale E. Gayly. Dale E. Gayly was his favorite fox of all time and with her, he had a son/daughter named Alice. In his/her seed/egg lay the hopes and dreams of Kunty Klitty, Kissie Klitty, Lezzie Klitty, Floozie Klitty, and Cottontail. The circle had been completed. . . .

Staley Daley, fourth-generation F.F.P., First Families of Pittsburgh

Iceberg Blumberg, the Scourge of Times Square

Dale E. Gayly, mother of Alice

NUDE
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TOPLESS
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FUCK
BAR

SHAKE DAT SCHLONG!

(Continued from page 34)

loosen my legs. Two new friends and tremendously talented dancers Ben Gay and Clyde begged me to join their disco act and although I was hesitant at first, after a glass of vino tinto (or two) I was ready and rarin' to boogey with them both.

The atmosphere at the club is smoky and sexy. Towards the end of the room is a raised wooden platform that's surrounded by walls of shiny mirror. Ben and Clyde boosted me on stage and started to fill me in on the latest dance steps (I guess I missed them while I was taking my swimming lessons). The guys draped over the central u-shaped bar cheered and chug-a-lugged beer while Ben, Clyde and I improvised some hot new menage-a-boogey footwork.

To be totally truthful, those bikinied beauties I danced between were not only being sized up by the guys but by a few friendly females too! There was no mistaking those hungry, nervous glances as the ladies sat twitching and twirling their icy drinks. I asked Ben about them.

"Oh yeah, I get propositioned all the time by both men and women. One time I had a woman sit and stare at me for five sets until finally she ripped off her panties and threw them in my face. I got the point. I've had guys come right up on stage and try and carry me off, but this happens very rarely. If I see someone in the audience I really dig, I like to handle it in my own way. I've perfected some very powerful dance moves just for this purpose."

Clyde, a chunky, sullen guy who really blossoms when rotating with the rhythms added, "I really love it when chicks come in. I feel like the tables are turned and I can definitely get off on struttin' my stuff for some horny housewives."

Of course, there's no doubt that generally the club is geared towards gays. However there's an everyone's-welcome attitude that's a refreshing change from some of the men *only* exclusivity of some of the larger New York and West Coast clubs.

I personally found the male go-go dancers a delightful deviation from the boob-bouncing dance halls we always visit. Being an anatomy student I can truly appreciate a beautiful male body and enjoy watching the muscles move and bounce. Of course, being a hot, easily arousable Argentinean doesn't hurt when it comes down to staring at those beautifully bulging biceps either. All things considered, my experience at Stage 618 was an enjoyably erotic exercise in self-control.

SWING SHIFT

(Continued from page 23)

the door than her hands were around me, one reaching under my sweater rolling an already taut nipple, while the other drew me to her. Her lips went to mine, her tongue driving into my mouth and her leg moving between my dampening thighs. Well that took care of any doubts and she quickly ushered me back to the table, grabbed Marc and headed us out the door towards her apartment. In the safety of a cab we managed to get high and better acquainted. We put on such a show that in appreciation the cabby refused the fare.

No sooner were we through Crystal's door than clothes began flying from our bodies as our pent-up lust stripped them from us, each of us desiring only the feeling of flesh without the restriction of clothes. We untangled ourselves and momentarily, Crystal molded her body to mine, kissing me deeply, letting her hands explore my skin, driving me into a wilder frenzy. Marc eased himself alongside of us stroking us both tenderly, increasing our passion yet demanding no attention for himself. After a time Crystal dropped to her knees trailing her tongue down along the contours of my body. Marc eased me alongside of her, caressing my nipples while Crystal began devouring me in earnest. She drove me up a wall and back down again. The number of times I came is lost to history. Taking a break we began to rap. Crystal admitted among other things to being a voyeur, further stating she had seen a film of ours that really turned her on. I reminded her that in the bar she had told me about her sex toys and of her earlier promise to show me her collection. Leaving Marc, who if you didn't gather as much by now, got plenty of the act too. Marc sat on the rug, exhausted and I followed Crystal into another room to help her sort out her collection of toys. I'm glad I did because they filled two boxes which we dragged back like two kids let loose in a candy store with a fistful of money. Marc had caught his second wind and helped us unpack the boxes. There were vibrators in every shape, size and form. Dildos, french ticklers, harnesses and exotic lingerie flowed endlessly from the box. I stared fascinated at some of the lingerie. You see I'm a real lingerie freak; as a matter of fact I'm probably one of Mr. Fredericks' best customers, and I can practically cum walking through the lingerie department of some stores.

Crystal began demonstrating some of the devices on us, while we rapped about voyeurism. She said she'd really like to watch us getting it on. How could we refuse someone who had turned us on so thoroughly; besides, the idea turned us on too, as did the possibility of her joining us at any moment. While she talked she played with me with what she called "double electric ben-was." These were two oval-shaped vibrators on long cords attached to a control box. They could both be turned on at different speeds. Lubricating one, she surprised me by sliding it up my ass. It didn't hurt, just surprised me a little. She turned it on for a second and it felt great. I assumed she would masturbate with the other one while Marc and I fucked. Marc, rock hard by now, put my legs over his shoulders and slid home, taking up a driving rhythm. I felt the vibrator buzz to life and saw Crystal using the other on herself. Marc didn't know where to look. Then he concentrated his gaze on me as I began playing with my nipples. Suddenly he stiffened, but differently than when he comes. His face broke into a big grin and he laughed. Crystal had shoved the other one up his ass, and now as she caressed us both with one hand she manipulated the controls with the other. This kept up for a short while until we both came and I swear Crystal was right with us too.

As for myself I've begun making an in-depth (pun intended) study of these various pleasure devices, and if you write to me I'll answer you with my own findings on each of your questions. I can't do it in the column since space doesn't permit. You can write to us care of the magazine.

Well, I've got to go pack for a swinging weekend upstate. We'll be telling you about it as soon as we get our strength back. See you next month.

P.S. Once again thank you all for your wonderful response. We're glad to report it's been mostly pro, and we're glad to hear from those of you that we've been able to help with information. Even for those of you who have been negative, we're glad to know the column has had enough of an impact to get you off your asses and make you take pen in hand. So keep those cards and letters cumming.

COUNTRY-FIED CUNT

(Continued from page 35)

The girls—very blonde, attractive, cheerleader types-mix with the customers here, and the usual drink goes for about two dollars. A hundred sixty smackolas will get you champagne and a private room, should you desire to flesh out all your midwestern fantasies in one fell swoop. A nice place; we had fun there.

I liked the girls very much here. They were very realistic about their job, which consisted of go-go dancing for 8 hours at a stretch, intermingled with chatting with the customers to entice them to buy liquor. A girl will get a commission on every drink sold, which, I was told, was the equivalent of a second salary on a good week.

Country is clean and modern, nothing like some of the go-go sleaze joints I've investigated in my research. Some of the girls were very experienced strippers, to my astonishment. "Sometimes when you mix with the men, too, you don't get the appreciation you deserve for your dancing," admitted one. "I used to work at the 606 Club and the Follies, and with my talent I could put on a real performance. But now, our audience isn't looking for any show—they just want to get lucky. Too bad. It used to be a profession where a girl really took pride in her work."

The bar features two strippers in the daytime, catering to a businessman audience. At night Kitty Divine takes the stage between tempestuous, heavy-metal go-go bouts, and the dancers go out into their audience. Many like their customers, but sometimes, one stated harshly. "You run into a real asshole—like in any job." A very devoted customer might suggest more than sitting and drinking, at which point a girl is on her own. As some have been working there four full years, there must be some highly satisfying aspects of their work. And the bar has a good ambiance that relaxes you right away.

The highlight of my visit to Country on Rush was our discovery of the lovely dancer/stripper Tiffany Mannix. Look for her earlier in this issue all pink-lipped and beautifully bushy-tailed.

THE BIONIC TONGUE

(Continued from page 58)

some sessions for him so I am arranging a whole mess. I have two hot girls who work with me who want to do a set together which would be terrific. But anyway I'm glad to report that I'm an official CHERI family member, and I promise you I'm planning to go on a special CHERI-sponsored Chicago cunt-hunt that will place some pretty fresh pussies across your pages. So you'll be hearing and seeing a lot more from me soon. Until then thanks for the experience of a lifetime, for introducing me to Fanne Foxe and welcoming me to the family folds. Remember Chicago, CHERI and cunt have more in common than the letter C!

FUCK U

(Continued from page 9)

portrayal, unimaginative, male-oriented, and solely concerned with mechanical aspects of sex. Most observers find that repeated viewings of standard 'fuck and suck shorts' leads fairly promptly to boredom . . ."

At the end of this first segment one of the lecturers referred in passing to a limp prick immortalized in one of the films as a "slack sausage." Laughter rocked the audience and set the tone of things to come; soon dirty jokes and lusty guffaws were the rule of the day, with educators and audience alike.

Just so nobody gets the impression that their tax dollars go to supporting collegiate sex orgies and porn movies, promoted under the guise of higher education, you can rest assured. The essence of this strange program is certainly academic.

For instance, following the fuckerama, a bunch of undeniably unerotic instructional movies were shown. "Physiological Responses to the Sexually Stimulated Male in the Laboratory" might sound kinko, but believe me, it was more technical than titillating. This Swedish export featured a dude masturbating while wires strategically taped to his body recorded changes in skin temperature and heartbeat. The narrator calmly described his subject's erection as if he was giving the day's stock market quotations. The flick wasn't a total bore—it revealed little known facts, such as tendencies for ankles and heels to sweat during orgasm!

As the day progressed, more and more people packed into the auditorium. Lectures with titles like, "Visual Erotical and Paraphlias" alternated with masturbation movies. One of the cleverest of these starred a young guy playing with himself on a pillow covered couch, to the accompaniment of hippie music. His was a groovy, guiltless pleasure session, and later in the film he spoke about how much fun it was to jerk off. What a great improvement over the typical uptight attitude toward masturbation that has been part and parcel of the American puritan ethic for centuries.

Next came a panel discussion, where an assortment of sex toys were prominently displayed, as if they were important archeological oddities from a mysterious lost civilization. Here were men and women with Ph.D.'s discussing the pros and cons of artificial penis extenders, holding up enormous dildoes, french ticklers, leather straps, and vibrators that looked like buzz saws. People asked questions like, "Can they get stuck?", "Is there any danger of electrocution?", "Are they legal?". It sounded like a hodge-podge combination of 'You Bet Your Life' and 'The Gong Show.'

As the week sped by the participants at this rousing conference gradually began to overcome their inbred hangups. A gay doctor prefaced his lecture by proclaiming himself a "practicing homosexual . . . and we all know that practice makes perfect!" One morning brought a message scrawled on a central blackboard, announcing an "All invited" house party that must've been a sizzler! Professors, students, clinical workers alike revealed their deepest fantasies, perversions and fears. One well-known speaker graciously donated films from his private porn movie collection which surprised those who suddenly found out he HAD one in the first place!

One panel discussion turned out to be a wonderland of sexual variety. Nine people chosen in an sort of "One from column A, one from colum B" volunteered to talk about their lifestyles. The first young man was part of a bisexual threesome with a married couple. He gave a sketchy account of various pleasures and problems that developed within his lustful triangle.

Next came the Happily Married Couple, looking like something straight out of 'Father Knows Best'. The wife proudly admitted that she hadn't fucked anyone before marriage because she wanted to save herself for hubby. She spoke so strongly about the eternal joys of fidelity that it seemed she was trying to convince herself of it in the face of many marvelous sexual temptations being tossed all around her. The husband didn't say too much, but looked like he was anxious to get home and wax the car.

Following these lovebirds was a lesbian chick who had lived in a gay commune where members took turns administering day-to-day household functions. She spoke more about the politics of lesbianism than sexuality and claimed that when her domestic arrangement was working smoothly she had been extremely happy. Eventually the household split up; members moved away or lost intimate contact with each other, and the experiment finally ended.

A sado-masochistic couple turned out to be the most exciting of the prurient panelists. This Mutt-and-Jeff-like duo (an Amazon chick coupled with a small guy) regularly perform in an urban theater troupe where they act out sexual fantasies suggested by their enthusiastic audiences. The two lovingly referred to S&M as a "terrific way to tiptoe up to sexual intercourse," and went so far as to compare its binding fascination with the religious mystery of the crucifixion.

This pair presented one of their skits depicting a Chinese Empress confronting a respectful, but groveling suitor. Done with a high degree of poetry in speech and gesture, this performance transcended mere exhibitionism and rose into the realm of drama.

Since their theater group incorporates audience ideas into their shows, they've gotten a fair share of doozies. There was one guy, for instance, who had a childhood hangup that surfaced in a passionate desire to act like a barnyard chicken in bed. He remembers being a little boy going to the supermarket with Mommy. She would leave him sitting in a cold metallic shopping cart while she and all the other nice-smelling good-looking mommies jostled around the meat and poultry cases. He couldn't understand why that silly old food was more important to them than HE was. So now he's trying to find out by dressing up in feathers and pecking around in the sack until he gets hot enough to get an erection he can crow about!

Then there was the man who got turned on by the thought of being a fruit salad. He built a huge wooden bowl in his basement and filled it with oranges, grapes, plums—anything soft and squishy. The only trouble was he had a hard time finding chicks willing to wade around in a vat of fragrant ambrosia. It can take weeks to wash grape seeds out of your ears.

Following this amusing and maniacally liberated duo came a woman representing the other end of the spectrum. She practiced sexual abstinence. In case that phrase seems only vaguely familiar since it's rarely used these days, it means she's given up fucking. Her rationale went like this: she'd been married, divorced, and had several sexual encounters since. But for the last 8 months she hadn't met anyone she cared to screw so simply didn't. She does masturbate, so it's not as if she's jumped off the wagon cold turkey. And she admitted that after hearing the scintillating stories of her fellow panelists she just might be convinced to hop back on the love train soon!

Last but not least, the sensuous senior citizen had a chance to speak. This guy announced that he was over 65 and was a widower who subscribes to the theory of 'You're not getting older, you're getting better.' This spry gent hasn't lost an ounce of peppery zip, and says he loves to lust after the pretty clerks at the Social Security office! Although he doesn't fuck much these days, he still gives great head and laments the fact that people give up sex after a certain age just because they THINK they should.

Nonsense, he says, it's wonderful exercise unless your doctor seriously advises you against it. This encouraging gent wrapped up a panel discussion that certainly opened a lot of eyes to the possibility that all sex play is indeed valid if you don't draw unfair conclusions about it.

The med students had a bit more trouble accepting the "Piss Party" film that followed next. This was a low budget 8mm film of porn shop quality, depicting a golden shower orgy. Groans rose from the audience as the first streams of urine cascaded into a young babe's mouth.

As things on the screen got wilder and wilder, the audience whispered to each other in amazement. Most had never seen such a thing. The film's climax occurred when a huge hulk of a dude gulped beer and simultaneously pissed a potful into the mouths of two chicks lying before him, masterfully alternating his yellow torrent from mouth to mouth. As the houselights went up and shocked freshmen shook their heads, the professor in charge of this segment took a moment to

(Continued on page 78)

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My dear friend and fellow-sufferer on this planet we share,

You can take your choice - either kiss ass and like it or be a Son-of-a-Bitch and get your share *right now!* Sorry you can't have it both ways. I found that out many years ago. I was born in a big city slum and grew up in poverty. I vowed that one day *I would make it big* and experience all the luxury life could offer.

But I made one mistake that delayed me many, many years in getting there. I wanted to be liked by others. I considered myself *a nice guy*, but I was getting *nowhere fast*. Then one day I took a hard look at all the guys that *were* making it big, those guys with the big cars, beautiful women, luxurious homes, and all the comforts I was looking for. I studied them carefully and was shocked and amazed to find out that they all had one thing in common... they were *selfish sons-of-bitches* who put their own ends and ambitions above those of all the people that they dealt with.

If a tenant didn't pay the rent, out he'd go. If a creditor didn't pay on time, they'd sue the bastard. If an employee performed poorly, they'd throw the dummy out. If the merchandise they sold was cheap and shoddy, so what! If the customer wanted a refund, let him whistle Dixie! And on and on and on! In the jungle of life, the rich and successful are the predators, preying on their weaker and less intelligent adversaries. That's the way it is, my friend. *Push or get pushed, kick ass or kiss it*, do what success requires - or fail. Once I started playing rough and tough everything started going my way. I made more money than I ever saw before in my life and my standard of living started climbing fast. I became a dedicated S.O.B. and I guess I've remained one ever since.

I've discovered success, and the techniques for success that almost every big-money businessman has been using to stay prosperous and out there on top. I've spent the last several years in writing down all these techniques into one comprehensive manual, which I will make available to a limited number of people like yourself. It's the manual of how to win and win big. Can you pay your bills without struggling? And what's left for you after you do? It's your choice, my friend. You can continue to kiss ass, till hell freezes over if you like, or you can *get smart and live great!*

You can read right in this ad a detailed description of many of the ideas and inside information that I will reveal to you. Don't take this lightly. This represents 30 years of my life, my blood, sweat, tears and many sleepless nights. These are the techniques that I myself used hundreds of times through the years in deal after successful deal.

The price of my manual is $10.00, and it's the biggest bargain you will ever get the rest of your life. However, one more important detail, please. You must sign a pledge not to copy or attempt to plagiarize or resell parts of my manual. I don't mind sharing my lifetime of knowledge as long as I am paid a fair price for it, but I'll be damned if I let anyone rip me off for 30 years of sweat and struggle.

So that's it, my friend, and I hope I can truly be of service to you, and believe me, you will find my manual fascinating. You'll probably sit up all night and read it in one sitting. It's really that good. I ought to know, I lived it!

Very truly yours,

Lester Bennett, S.O.B.

I will teach you how to:

- ***GAIN POWER OVER PEOPLE!*** - Your first and most important step toward getting your share of the money pie! I'll teach you to gain absolute power, influence and control over men and women, even the tough S.O.B.'s who get in your way. You'll command them to do anything you desire and they'll help provide you with everything you want in life!
- ***GET YOUR SHARE NOW!*** - While you are young and healthy enough to enjoy it! Yes, new cars, luxurious homes, fat bank accounts, travel, the best foods, wine, women and best of all, lots and lots of money! Your days of getting kicked around are over! Now it's your turn to SCORE!
- ***UP THE JOB LADDER*** - You've tried to be nice and how far has it gotten you? I'll help you get a better job with big bread and status, a foreign job with travel, or even a guaranteed job where you can't get fired! I'll teach you how to tell the boss where it's at... and get away with it - even get a raise!
- ***CREDIT POWER*** - I'll teach you how to get and carry every major credit card in your wallet, get thousands of dollars in cash on just your signature, get furs, jewelry, furniture, appliances, etc. in hours just by placing a telephone call, and all the doh-ray-mi to finance any business venture. I will tell you how!
- ***BE THE BOSS!*** - If you really want super big money fast, I'll teach you to be the meanest most successful son-of-a-bitch that ever drove to the bank. I'll teach you how to start your own business part-time or full-time, and on a shoe-string if necessary. Success, like anything else, can easily be copied. I will show you how!
- ***MAIL-ORDER GREEN*** - One of the easiest ways of making a bundle real fast. Have your kitchen table covered with cash, checks and money orders!
- ***IMPORT/EXPORT GOLDMINE*** - Importing and exporting is easy! I'll show you how to use others to do all the paperwork while you make huge sums of money. You'll travel to Europe and Asia tax-free.
- ***MAKE BIG MONEY IN NEWSPAPER CLASSIFIEDS*** - There's a potential goldmine in your local newspaper and you've probably never noticed it. I'll teach you how to score!
- ***GAMBLING AND LOTTERIES*** - The coming thing! All across the nation, lotteries and gambling are starting, and growing by leaps and bounds. *How to win - how to cash in* - I'll give you the inside story!
- ***PUTTING YOUR PROFITS TO WORK*** Once the big dollars start rolling in, as they will if you follow my plans, you will be very interested in this chapter. Here I will clearly show you how to put your money to work for you, *to make more money*. That's the secret of the rich.

I'll give you inside information on:-

How to Beat the Banks at their Own Game • Secret List of Foreign Tax Havens (Caribbean, etc.) • Inside Facts about Swiss Bank Accounts • Making Money with Postage Stamps, Gold, Silver, Antiques, more! • Buying Land for Delinquent Taxes • Government Land Deals • The Government's Oil Lease Lottery • Making Money in Real Estate • Big Bread in Finder's Fees • Dealing in Foreign Currencies • Making your Telephone pay off in Dollars and much, much more!

PLUS MORE INSIDE INFORMATION ON HOW TO:-

• RAISE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS OVERNIGHT ON JUST YOUR SIGNATURE • BUILD A NEW HIGH-CLASS SOCIAL IMAGE FOR YOURSELF • BECOME A REAL PROMOTER - MAKE DEALS WHERE YOU MAKE THE MONEY AND OTHERS DO ALL THE WORK • AND MANY OTHER BIG MONEY IDEAS!

- ***101 BIG MONEY BUSINESSES YOU CAN START*** - on a part-time basis with minimum capital and build into unlimited potential. Yes, these will all be *good shots*, workable, practical, with big profits for minimum amounts of work, time and investment!
- ***MY SPECIAL SECRETS*** - that I cannot describe here! Yes, you will learn what I've learned in the school of hard knocks. It took me many years to find the do's and don't's. You will save the years of trial and error that I had to live through!
- ***ENJOYING YOURSELF*** - After I've taught you how to make big money, what good would it all be if I didn't advise you on how to enjoy yourself with the money you've made. I'll teach you how to do this without bankrupting yourself and *how to make a profit* enjoying yourself at play! *I'll teach you:-*

How to travel and get paid for it • How to get free vacations and even a free house in a resort area • How you can travel at Government expense and much more.

- ***PEACE OF MIND*** - The missing but oh-so-important ingredient, without which nothing else really matters. Yes, to really enjoy all that you have gained, you must learn to relax, to sleep in tranquil serenity, to keep worries out of your life. I will teach you how!

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FUCK U

(Continued from page 71)

compliment the lead actor on his "excellent aim."

A few notes from the course catalogue explain that even a piss movie can serve a useful purpose in teaching students: ". . . one of the films shows a couple playing games with urine, including drinking it. Most medical students find this disgusting to such an extent that some cannot bear to watch it. . . . Most Americans find urine unclean, unpleasant, bad smelling and bad tasting. (Though few have tasted it.) If urine is spilled on the skin one feels unclean until it has been washed off, and the mere thought of drinking urine is disgusting to the point of nausea. Anyone who enjoys such activity is clearly crazy. Pointing out that urine is not in fact dirty, and that in the absence of disease is almost sterile, does little to change these opinions."

"Perhaps at this point someone might remark that while he (she) does not LIKE urine, it's really not all THAT bad. . . . Someone may point out that dogs and other animals appear to enjoy the smell and taste of urine, suggesting that there is nothing inherently unpleasant about it. A historian might comment that Marie Antoinette bathed in urine in the belief that it was good for the skin. Before the age of chemistry and microscopy, urinanalysis was accomplished chiefly by observation, smell and taste. In today's world, the staple diet of the Maasai is a mixture of bovine blood and milk, flavored with human urine. In certain other African tribes, the women use urine in setting their hair in elaborate coiffures . . .

"It is not anticipated that a half-hour discussion will change attitudes developed over a 20-year period. It is hoped, however, that students will have a better understanding of why they feel as they do and will realize that those who disagree with them are not necessarily insane. A few may even speculate that the 1% who find pleasant the feel, smell and taste of urine may be more 'normal' than the 99% who find it disgusting."

If THAT wasn't liberating enough, there was a film series following the history of porn movies over the last 50 years. A more modern flick featured a luscious teenaged babe languoring around nude in an art-deco glass roofed sun porch. From high above an eagle-eyed helicopter pilot spies her and speedily sets his chopper down on the roof, his own rotors spinning madly. They fuck and suck, and after awhile the whirlybird flies off into the sunset.

The cherry on the top of this lengthy dessert was a full-length contemporary porn film, featuring the erotic exploits of a bosomy chick living in a big city housing complex. After this marathon of viewing screwing, most of the audience was bleary-eyed and totally saturated with porn by the end of this one. (Such a thing IS possible!)

Slowly they straggled out to their cars, making up excuses to tell their parents during their obligatory Sunday phone call home when Mom and Dad ask, "What did you learn in school this week, dear?"

Although I promised myself to protect the integrity of the seminar, I'm not always so perfect; you can find out more about these conferences by writing to the Medical Department of Rutgers University.

ROCK WORLD

(Continued from page 12)

old. He's not talking about eating lunch.

Cheri: Are there a lot of 14-year-olds involved in this scene?

Leon: Oh yeah, definitely. In fact, there's this one girl who kind of hangs around the group, who has the longest tongue in the world. I mean she can suck in your whole cock and lick your balls, too. And she seems to be pretty young, but we really don't know, legal complications and all. It's really quite hard to tell how old girls are.

Cheri: They seem to be sexually experienced.

Leon: Of course they are. I think kids today are screwing when they're nine. People are sexual from birth. All America sells on T.V. is sex, so mass media is administering sex in mass doses.

Cheri: I've been in clubs with you, and seen women, sometimes one after another, come up to you and slip you their phone number. How do you handle that?

Leon: It's funny and serious at the same time. I was the original sexually frustrated person. In high school I was the straight guy, the sexual joke. Now the tables have turned and I love it. Sometimes it's too much trouble. I might have too many women to choose from, so I go home and play the guitar.

Cheri: Do you feel after a while that you're fucking the same cunt all the time?

Leon: No. Each one's different. But they're all crazy, and they know it, too. I love women.

Cheri: Let's talk about the band. You've got a female bass player. How does she feel when she walks in the dressing room and finds you getting a blowjob?

Leon: She laughs. Then she rates the chick on a 1 to 10 scale.

Cheri: Do chicks want to hang around a lot, or just fuck you and split?

Leon: Sometimes they want to hang out forever and it's crazy. I think everyone in the group is having this problem, except some are handling it better than others.

Cheri: Which brings us to the entire band.

Leon: Which is insanity; they are the horniest group of people in the city.

Cheri: Have you ever had scenes with all the guys and one or two chicks?

Leon: Sure, but in N.Y. the girls try to grab their favorite player to fuck or blow in a corner. Group scenes increase on the road. Except for this group of porno stars, who've liberated a bunch of groups sexually, and you know them yourself. We've had some incredible scenes there.

Cheri: The group is fantastic. How did it come together?

Leon: Well, I was in Philly, where I met my bassist Honey O'Rourke. She had the same kind of rock and roll dreams as me, plus we fucked great together. So we headed for N.Y. and started a band. We went to tour England, but that aborted due to personnel problems. Sex, drugs, and women can be bad for a group as well as helpful.

Cheri: Is there a drug problem in your hand?

Leon: Nope. Not this time. I tend to that.

Cheri: Tell me about the guys in the band.

Leon: Well, we have two guitarists. A mad Russian named Sturgess, who's kind of a scientist, but a great player. Our other is John "Wild Man" Coiroi. Some gay guys on the west side cll him the Sissy Marlon Brando. He's supposedly from Argentina, but he may be from The Bronx. Our drummer is Glen Hamilton. We call him the Bear. He's a powerhouse, my favorite drummer, kind of like John Bonham. He beats the shit out of his kit. Honey's on bass. She's the Blonde Bombshell, the Jean Harlow type. And there's our roadman Jim "The Rock" DeSoucey. Together, the heaviest band there is!

Cheri: What's next for the group?

Leon: We're going to finish annihilating the club scene, then it's off for Europe, to take over the world.

Cheri: Are you a punk band?

Leon: Fuck no! But we're a new wave band. You've seen how audiences go crazy when we play. They know what they're going to get when they come see us.

Cheri: Give me a last bit of juicy gossip.

Leon: Angie Bowie, the wife of one of the world's biggest rock stars, gave me head in a bathroom last night. And you saw it.

The group is going to be huge, so watch for them. By the way, I'm cutting my own record this month and I'll tell you where to get it in my next column. Till then, I'm your CHERI

FLUFFING

(Continued from page 56)

here—please!"

Actually it was fun. Giving head always gave me a sweet sense of power, and these gentlemen had very responsive parts. Feeling them get hard in my mouth gave me a sense of a job well done. Between Jennifer's coos and curves and my suction and 'sweet innocence,' these boys got nice and stiff.

To Dream The Impossible Dream

A mind blower—the director announced his incredible plan to have all the guys come *simultaneously.* Immediately a great hush fell over the room. The most important part of many guys kind of . . . died. I saw my work cut out for me and naturally headed straight for the bathroom.

"Michele—where are you going? We really *need* you now. Keep your eyes right on your men. One begins to droop, you crawl right over—unobtrustively—and get him up, right?" I couldn't respond. My imagination was running wild with the physical impossibilities.

"Hurry up, Michele! #4 needs it—not yet #8!! You wait for the others!"

"Oh wait—#1's going down—no, not yet, #8!! I told ya, hold it!"

"Michele! !!+#&**!!" (This from a snotty actor.)

"#2 is going . . . going . . . gone."

"No, #8! Not yet . . . not yet!"

"Drooping, #5 . . . may we have some as-

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THE HORIZONTAL HUSTLE
DOWN AND DIRTY IN DISCOLAND

By MICHELLE CRAVEN

Featuring Marc and Suzie LeBeau, CHERI swing editors

Neon Sculpture by "Let There Be Neon," New York

PHOTOS BY PETER HURD

You don't need conversation for the newest sensation . . . (BUMP)

All right! Outasight! Get it on with Barry White! (SLIDE . . . TWO . . . THREE)

She was cool, she was casually cruel, she was nobody's fool. She sidled into the club like an Aston-Martin into a pit stop . . . and she got the proper respect. If only that solitaire cocktail ring (paste, of course . . . the real ones are home in the vaults . . . one never knows whom one will encounter when one . . . slums) could confess, what perverse little passion plays it might tell.

She settled in like a star at the bar. It was so . . . perfect here, the twilight-murk of ripe decadence. It was an invitation in itself. She shrugged her alabaster shoulders and caught her glossy image in the mirror. She approved. God, was she gorgeous! It was almost intolerable, being so irresistible. But she would try to bear up, for one more night.

He was lewd, he was crude, he was casually stewed. You call this *music*, he wondered. Does anyone ever really *listen* to this crap? OOooooohhhh, whimpered Donna Summers, peaking on plastic, ooohhhhh . . . ooohhhhh . . . ooohhhh! Whatever happened to songs with *real words*? Disco was the dumbest shit he had ever heard, for sure. Now, in the good old days, a man could simply stumble into a bar, order a Jack Daniels, assume the snotty, macho pose of a soldier of fortune just in from Angola—and soon some sensation-starved secretary would sidle over and ask how it was in the jungle. With luck, she'd be halfway liberated and buy her own booze. Low energy output, very high yield—now there was a setup a man could build his nights around. Geez, there's gotta be *something* stable in this crummy world.

You know, you're cute . . . for a brute. She gave him the

Oooohhh
Baby
how you
play
with me . . .
You're
my wildest
fantasy.
Ooohhh,
oohhhh,
oohhhh!
(DIP)

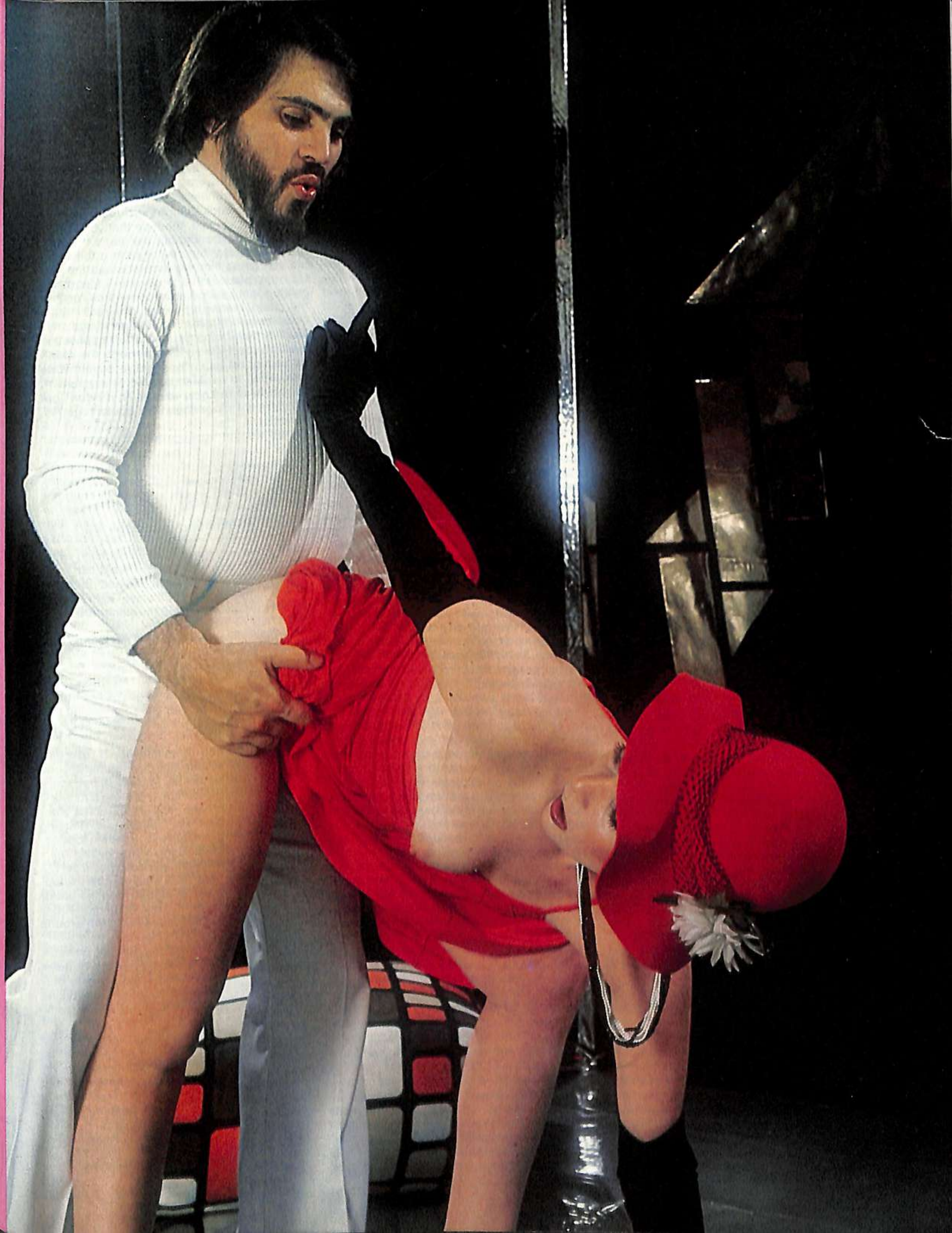
A fast & lovely bar-stool fuck. But can she do the Disco Duck?

old come-hither, loosened her straps and listened to the music pulse. OOooohhhh . . . aaaaaahhhhhh. She felt her blood . . . blue, of course . . . start to boil. She had a girlish fetish for mysterious strangers . . . especially when they kept their sunglasses on. It was so . . . well, kinky.

She had eyes he despised . . . full of lies. What kind of game was this broad try'na hustle? he wondered. "You come here a lot?" he said.

"When I can . . . when I can," she murmured, shifting on her stool. He didn't get it. He had to be shown.

"Bruise me, abuse me, take me home and use me," she whispered in his ear. Oh Christ, another weirdo—ain't there any more old-fashioned girls? But the music was screaming in his head. "How's about right here? I mean I've already paid the cover charge." She had to admire his fiscal wisdom. He had to admire her open invitation. And the beat went on . . . and on . . . and on.



FLUFFING

(Continued from page 78)

sistance, please?"

"Oh, goddammit!! #8! Oh—will someone give the bastard a towel?"

With the squalling of the director, the assistant director and the actors, it was as wild as I'd imagined. As soon as one was suitably stiff, another was tapping my shoulder with a limp prick. After a while I got the sneaking suspicion that some of these yoyos were going soft so I'd have to 'assist' them . . . nice.

The final outcome? With apologies to Don Quixote,

> "We dreamt the impossible dream,
> We fought the unbeatable foe—
> And knew, with unbearable sorrow,
> #8 can't come simultaneously. So—"

Really, four came pretty close behind each other—timewise, I mean.

The other four followed their own private schedules. But then, as my Great-Aunt Chipkey might have remarked, "If God had meant men to come together, He would have thrown a party."

The Feast of Sum Fuk Yung

The director kept me hanging around for the Chinese dinner scene. He was using four young Oriental waiters—very inexperienced. We thought there might be definite problems with the natives' uprising. The action was rolling along—except two of the lads were so excited and anxious about balling Jennifer that they kept going soft.

"Michele, come here, you're needed."

The young man looked at me with shy, dark eyes. "Brow me, prease."

"Pardon me?"

"Ah . . . I got rimp dick!"

"Say that again?"

"Rimp! Rimp! Need brow job now!"

I remembered all those ethnic jokes—yeah, no 'l's—rotsa ruck!

"Oh, you're limp! Now I get it." And I immediately got right down to his take-out dinner of . . . what? Fresh egg roll?

The shoot was over. My mouth was stretched, but I was very mellow . . . there had been some weird moments, but it was, all together, a pleasant experience. I was paid well for a day's work—no complaints there.

But one question came to mind as I collapsed, sore but horny, on my living room couch. Where's the guy who's gonna come along and fluff the fluffer?

A RITZY RUB-SHOP

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I was really shocked. In my nights at the strip clubs nobody *ever* volunteered his real name, much less his social security number! How far we're advancing, really, as a society, when female companionship can be treated like any other service industry, and protect itself accordingly. Because when an occupation is considered illegal its workers are treated like dirt before the law—surely you don't need me to tell you that.

"Of course, some don't want to give me their home address. I say, don't write it down, but let *me* know—and then I call phone information and ask if a John Doe lives at such-and-such Riverside Parkway, and if it coincides, fine. I keep everything completely confidential, but the facts . . . employment, residence, credit . . . *must* check out. We've got very high-ranking politicians and professional people who come here regularly, and I'm not going to insult them by bringing in any jerk off the street. No one sees these files but me, and I write down just the first name and the last initial, and that's that."

Suzette checks out all the girls who work there, too, although she's such a shrewd judge of human nature I imagine she could size anyone up in a few moments of conversation. Some have stayed for as long as two years, some are very temporary—"Good girls know they're good and they don't stay in one spot very long. Even when they make the money they want to make. Here, our maximum tip is $50, as we state when a man enters—but if he wants to give her a bit extra, he can . . .

I really must say that sexual contact, frequently, isn't part of the deal. She's hired as an *escort* . . . that is, to be taken out. If the two of them are attracted to each other, if there's that little buzz . . . it happens. However each client signs a contract when he enters, that he's not to *solicit* a girl, nor she him. He's giving her a tip for her time."

You could say that not much gets by Suzette. She has a canny, almost French, approach to human interchange that is enormously appealing in a person in her profession. If she is demanding, she is also loyal. If she won't tolerate any type of drug habit in her girls, or behavior that isn't "classy . . . that's the difference between us and a street girl; we're discreet, we have class and what's said here goes no further," she will also fight like a tiger for their rights.

"We have had some legal problems, and one court dismissal. But I'll support my girls 100%, I'll take the responsibility and see it through the courts and everything else. They know they're safe, as well as my customers. I have an attorney and if by chance they're busted, I'll get them right out of jail. I do a very big business here, which is why I'm pushing so to get escort services fully legalized, because they offer a legitimate service to their clientele."

Suzette's young succulents work the morning, night or graveyard shift. The graveyard, between the curious hours of 4 and 10 A.M., caters to, "Oh—maybe guys who've had a big night on the town, or they've gotten mad at their girlfriends and they want to come relax with us. In a way we're providing a public service, like the fire department."

Specific requests of late have been running to dominance sessions. The lady herself is "most dominating—I want things done my way and nobody else's. And English culture is becoming the big thing now with our clientele. They want an aggressive woman to discipline them—and that's just fine with me."

I interviewed Suzette at action central, and she was more than candid about the apparent success of her business—which numbered, at last count, a membership of 700 supremely satisfied souls.

"Basic membership," she told me in her ballsy, no-bullshit manner, "is five dollars, with a minimum fee of $25 a half hour when one of our young ladies is taken out to lunch or dinner. The longer she stays, of course, the higher it goes—as much as $100 for 24 hours and $50 for out-of-house service. Tips are, of course, their own business. In-house service is $25 at the door once you're a member, with prices running from $10 to $50. With this, a man is alone in a private, mirrored room with the woman he chooses—and he usually has a choice of seven or eight girls.

Suzette intends to turn the club into a fully-legal escort service, the type that you find in any large city throughout the world. "This is rough business, but I've been in it for about ten years and I'm very careful about the way I run my place. I like to say I'm a high-class call girl, but I spend most of my time running the desk, managing things. It's really quite complicated. When a man comes in and pays his five dollars, he fills out a full application—which *must* be verified through the credit bureau or various investigative systems we have open to us. Membership is permanent, but we have to know who he is; if I don't get the proper information, he doesn't get in, period!"

The Tramp

(Continued from page 48)

kept them in rent, food, electricity, wine, grass, and, now, Quaaludes. What can a 14-year-old with a young, firm bod and no sheepskin or union card do in a universe of hustlers and knife-fighters? Learn the skin trade on the university of the streets.

Reggie was one of those thousands who sought freedom in the roaring colorwheel of cerebral and sensual Times Square. She ran away from home at age 14. The Square was the obvious place for her to go. All her friends were already there. Her parents wouldn't be able to find her, amidst all the other liberated teenagers.

Though no one promised her a rose garden, she determined that through hard work, she would rise above the masses to become a famous actress. And she's still hard at work, at 21, trying to make that dream come true.

In seven years on the streets, floating around, trading her body for money, food, or simply good times, Reggie has grown up a lot. Would her parents still recognize her?

She has worked as a belly dancer, a topless-bottomless go-go girl, a massage parlor pixie and a Lexington Avenue call girl. Times have been tough, and not all of them around Times Square.

Now, Reggie is realizing her aspirations, as you can certainly see by looking at these pictures. Tired of balling in backalleys, barrooms and bowl-o-dromes, she is taking acting lessons and is pursuing a career in modeling.

Though she was recently dropped from one of her acting classes (she was too direct in class, which means she probably told the instructor to fuck off), Reggie now takes private lessons on Saturdays with the teacher who dropped her. He seems to be teaching the Lee Strasberg method of toe-sucking, a rather difficult process in any school, but she consistently gets both A's and eaten.

Gerard Damiano, are you looking for a new star?

S.E.C.S.

(Continued from page 34)

her for a cup of coffee—much less work out a sexual relationship. So he needs a woman like Joan to show him he's not repulsive, he *can* do it. And she's never failed."

We visited Dr. Dauw's highly successful center for sexual therapy in downtown Chicago, then interviewed him and his star surrogate, Joan Cain, at his luxurious Lake Shore Drive condominium. Dean is almost the Elmer Gantry of midwestern sexual help, believing in his cause with something approaching evangelical fervor. He's a charming, dedicated, voluble man, very proud of his record with the horny and handicapped. And from what we saw, he should be!

The use of sexual surrogates was once very controversial, resulting in, for example, a $750,000 lawsuit against Masters & Johnson and various other arrests nationwide. But the fact remains that, even as the first major therapists to make use of specially-trained women to help patients work out their hangups in intimate situations, they claimed at least a 75% 'cure' rate. And psychologists ever since, risking legal harassment and lawsuits in many states, have found the therapy even more effective.

For what? we wondered. "Our clients," he explained, "are, in the main, troubled with impotency or premature ejaculation. We treat men of all ages, from the early 20's on up to 61—our oldest case, and one of our most dramatic. This man told me, 'I've never been to bed with a woman *in my life* and it's driving me crazy. But I know you can't help me either.' I told him, 'With such a negative attitude nobody can help you, but we'd like to try.' Now this man had been impotent his entire life. But with therapy and the good work our surrogate did, he overcame his problem very quickly.

"Sex is still a terrible problem in our society, because of our repressive Victorian-Puritanical culture. Sometimes it's childhood religious conditioning . . . I've had more than one patient convinced he'll go crazy or blind or grow hair on his palms if he masturbates. If, let's say, he's a strong Catholic, we'll introduce him to a liberal priest who can explain sex as a normal, healthy function . . . and nothing to feel guilty about. We work with the specific needs of the individual patient—and there are many, many resources in the community open to us. If you talk to other doctors, or read the textbooks, you'll find that there are as many different personal problems as there are persons . . . patients are so different. With a number of them, simple sex education will do the trick. Just giving them the facts. A man will come to me in anguish because he claims his penis is too small, and he really thinks it is . . . until I show him the statistics that tell him he's really average.

"99% of the time these hangups—I don't care how crippling they are—are psychological. In all our work we've yet to come across a medical barrier to full sexuality. Of course we investigate that possibility right away, in addition to insisting that the patient also see his own doctor to double-check that there's nothing *physically* wrong."

Dean appears to be doing very well with his formula of treating the brain before the groin, I must say. His 100% cure rate starts with counselling sessions averaging $50 apiece—a quite reasonable rate when compared, as he points out, to the Masters & Johnson clinic and other well-publicized therapeutic centers. Through discussions he gets to the heart of the hangup before he even considers including Joan—or one of the other trained surrogates available to the clinic—in the treatment.

"Let's say, for example, a guy is so screwed up he can't form any kind of relationship. He *thinks* his troubles are sexual, but it's his pyschological hangups that prevent him from getting close to anyone. Or a man—I see a lot of them—who's just divorced and desperate—he's suddenly impotent. He's terrified of the idea of performance. I have one whose wife just walked out after seven years of marriage. He said he'd been impotent all that time, on and off, but they never went anywhere for help. In therapy I found that his problem was guilt, terribly low self-esteem and many other negative emotions. Over a period of weeks, his self-confidence is built up . . . and then, finally, he's ready for a surrogate. She'll relax him with a lot of tender, loving care and get him over his feelings of being unworthy, uptight—and then he does it."

The initial therapy consists of a free introductory session to see if the patient can be helped at all. If Dean considers that a person has basic, extensive psychiatric difficulties that needed treatment before any sexual therapy could begin, he'd refer him to other doctors. Barring that, a basic course of treatment would be deciding upon following the Diagnostic Evaluation and Work-Up . . . a full range of psychological tests and inventories. The counselling itself, if necessary, would be succeeded by surrogate sessions, which he describes as "a graded program of massage, learning to relax and learning to get erections." The surrogate reports back to Dean after every session.

Surrogates, he explained as Joan looked on in agreement, are carefully chosen for their "stability. She's got to be very in touch with herself, not looking for ego trips. Again I'll state—she is not *employed* by our organization. She's an independent, free-lance professional who takes referrals from us. She's been specially trained to work with the doctors and to report back specifically after every patient session. There's nothing casual about the arrangement. We only send clients if we feel their progress warrants it—I'd say one out of every 500 applicants."

Dean's group is so famous for its surrogate research in the field that he's written a book, *The Stranger In Your Bed: A Guide To Emotional Intimacy* to be published shortly by Nelson-Hall. One charge his research has shown him as ridiculous is that of his surrogates being no more than glorified prostitutes. "First of all," he explains, "every man who comes to us has *already* tried all kinds of call girls and massage parlors—with zero success. He realizes that no other route besides personal therapy will work. And then, after he's been through several sessions, we'll *recommend* a surrogate—never *insist*. Remember, he's been through an average of ten hours of counselling after extensive testing, so it's not a casual undertaking. Then if he does want to continue his treatment with a lovely person like Joan, we'll make the necessary arrangements. We'll call her up and tell her what he's like, where his dysfunctions lie, and ask her if she'd like to work with him. This is in no way against the law, which states that any two consenting adults can do what they want in private. So if a man chooses to see her for help, it's entirely up to him and Joan."

Joan, warm, relaxed and attentive through our discussion, decided to voice her own opinions on the matter. She was anything but a plastic 'sex object,' a very womanly, mature professional who evidently had some very strong opinions on her chosen profession. "What's illegal here is solicitation—that is, asking for money. Up until that moment he's just someone you're going to bed with. My clients come to me and put the money down first . . . I keep a strong professional stance. I take a straight fee and no tips, although so many men have been so grateful they've tried to be very generous with me. It can't be done, no matter how much they insist."

"This can become," Dean elaborated, "a very emotional situation, when a man's been impotent for twenty years. Joan is suddenly heaven and earth to him and he'd buy her the moon if she'd let him. What he forgets is that we've only contacted her when we find he's *unable* to go out and find a partner on his own. When it's too difficult for him to go out and meet someone like Fanne Foxe and tell her outright, Hey, I'm having my problems—can you help?"

Of course the good doctor had no way of knowing that in my long stage career, I'd met more than one man who wanted a woman just like Fanne Foxe, to 'help.' So many of my audiences were living out their fantasies, working out their frustrations as I whirled and stripped before them—and I will tell you, I did feel sorry for many of them. Not the normal guys who were there for a fun night on the town with their buddies, but the lonely ones, either aloof or clumsily attentive, who pursued me with hot eyes. I sensed that this was as close as they were going to get to a woman, and quite often it made me sad.

"The ideal would be if our patient could start developing a relationship *as* he's in therapy with Joan, so that he can take what he learns from Joan and apply this to his lady. A woman he meets outside will deal with him, of course, according to her own emotions and physical needs. And yet, there've been no cases of recidivism—lapsing back into a patient's old hangups—that we've heard about," Dean told me.

"Of course, it's very emotional," Joan chimed in. "A patient wants a magic pill to make it all happen fast. Or he'll say, Wow! Now that I've met you, I don't want to spend my money on any more therapy with Dean. He may not remember that he sees me and I report to Dean—our sessions are monitored very closely—and Dean makes suggestions for our next meeting. Perhaps he'll recommend that the client see a film and try what he's seen with me. Sure, I'm nice, kind, sweet and devoted—but Dean's the guy who sits behind the desk and figures out his mind. I leave the intellectual work to him."

I was curious about her own response to the power she had over these men. With a 100% cure rate—or anything close to it—she'd have to be a saint not to be moved in some way.

"Oh, sometimes I think," she admitted, "it's not that hard. Emotionally, it's not particularly draining but intellectually it is. I know I'll spend the next day thinking about what happened, and discuss it with Dean."

The center has no male surrogates, although it does treat women's sexual problems. An odd thing, for me, was Dean's insistence, throughout his research, that a woman *always* has a man—while most of his men have no women at all. "I've never treated a woman who was essentially alone—she's always half of a couple, and she'll say, I'm having difficulty in my relationship. So we've had no need for male surrogates. It seems to me it's very easy for a woman to go anywhere and get a man with a snap of her fingers!"

I surely disagree with him on that. In my travels I've seen many lonely women who would love nothing more than an affectionate, one-to-one relationship, and have been very thwarted in their efforts. "You know," said Dean, "I used to be a marriage counsellor, and couples would come to me complaining that the meaning had gone out of their marriage. Now as society changes . . . through, in part, magazines like CHERI . . . women as well as men will put the emphasis on their sex problems. Women are concerned with orgasms, or the second largest problem, vaginismus. That's when her vaginal muscles constrict so tightly, through tension, that nothing can penetrate. Usually her mate is very patient through this, and the treatment is successful."

The clinic also treats minor sexual problems that affect us all . . . if, as he says, "a patient is unhappy with it. For example, I've never met a bisexual who wanted to change. Or a swinger who wanted to become less liberated. Our entire society is opening up, and any competent professional will be sensitive to the needs of the individual, the real needs—not what his childhood conditioning tells him is correct."

As to textbooks, Dr. Dauw recommends Dr. Lonnie Garfield Barbach's *For Yourself*, his own forthcoming guide to intimate relationships and . . . interestingly enough . . . our own CHERI. "Premature ejaculation is one of our most common problems, and one of the easiest to treat . . . once our patient learns control. And he can't develop that control without learning to masturbate and enhance a certain kind of fantasy, which he can find in your magazine. Then we'll go on to show him how to get what he needs."

STEAM-MEAT

(Continued from page 41)

cover and rental of a room is an additional $5.00. A great place to hang your towel if interested in the goings-on in the gay community of Chicago.

Friends told me the Chicago gay scene was hot, but I never expected steam heat! The Ohio-State Bath House was the first stop on my erotic trek through the wanton Windy City. I've always had good vibes with gays—all over the United States and South America—so I approached this new assignment with confidence and camraderie.

Tape recorder in tow I followed the arrows up the narrow staircase which were to lead me to the 'spa'. Any hesitations I had were immediately dismissed when I reached the entrance and was bombarded by a huge handpainted sign declaring, "WELCOME FANNE." I brazenly rang the intercom bell and was buzzed in by a bunch of torso-toweled boys who had been waiting to meet me all afternoon.

What an experience! I guess in the Midwest when they talk about coming out of the closet they must mean stepping into the steamroom 'cause that sure's where all the action is. Actually, I had an embarrassing (but enlightening) moment when I accidently opened the steamroom while two friends were having a steamy sensitivity session that started me salivating. I could have enjoyed watching their verboten activities longer but Don, my cheerfully gay guide, quickly closed the door and ushered me into another area.

Don, a roly-poly type who was in charge of dispensing the towels, shared with me his insights on the Chicago gay community.

"The scene here in Chicago is on a very personal level," he explained. "We work closely with our female counterparts in making sure there are no unfair prejudices or harassments. It's places like this (the Ohio-State Club) where gays can really find themselves, and others, who are into their same trip."

It sounded like a good deal to me and I observed by looking around that the atmosphere was very up and friendly. Actually to be completely truthful there were some nervous scurryings when Peter popped in with his camera equipment. As Don explained,

"We get a lot of big-wigs in here who go home to a wife and a houseful of kids. They may come here with the excuse to work-out but we know what the score is."

There were many guys around who wanted to meet me and get my autograph. They were so sweet and complimentary, it made my Latin blood boil to think some people consider them social outcasts.

I was taken on a ground tour of the club/spa and I must say it was luxuriously spacious. Not only was there a fully equipped gym, sauna, steamroom and lounge but row after row of locked motel-like cubicles. Of course I had to find out what—if any—evil lurked behind those tightly shut doors, but unfortunately my curiosity was totally nixed by the guides.

"Absolute privacy is a top priority in a club like this," I was told. "The rooms are small and furnished only with a cot. We ask no questions and don't get any answers since everything is done behind completely closed doors. We assume they are used for guys to nap in after a long work-out."

Well, I decided not to pursue this topic since I was intercepting some nervous nudges and "let's get on with it" glances. I distracted them by inquiring as to the new fetishes the gay scene offered Chicago residents.

"We're definitely light on leather. Whenever a guy from the East visits the club we're all amazed to hear how heavy everyone's gotten into leather, bondage and S/M. I guess we are a bit behind in that department. If you are into fist-fucking and the domination scene your best bet is a bar called the Gold Coast. I warn you, though, the goings-on there are very rough, so you'd better be prepared. On the whole, the community here seems to be into a lot of social gatherings and activities. We plan affairs where local gay talent (like female impersonators) can just relax and do their thing. We also plan day-long parties like Nile Day where we have belly dancers (male), exotic foods, snake charmers—an over-all Egyptian atmosphere. Often when we set up these major events we invite the female gays to join in—and they usually do."

I was fascinated to hear about the female homosexuals since everywhere I go they seem to avoid me. So I asked Don more.

"I personally think the gay women, at least the Chicago gay women, are just beginning to actively organize themselves and have their voices heard. Female gay bars are always a much heavier scene versus the sort of campy image the male gays seem to have. We encourage the women to come out of their closets since we are all working towards the same liberating end."

As I continued my excursion through this horny, happy health-sex-spa I ran into Odell and Lowery—two guys whose carefully towelled tummies seemed out of shape in this activity oriented club. I was informed that their interest in the club was the huge color TV and game room. It was refreshing to find friends who shunned the physically strenuous sweat of staying in shape. Don and his buddies put me through a rigorous work-out that would have sent me to a cot—if there had been one available. (I guess I hit a busy season.) I cajoled Odell and Lowery to pose for some pictures with me. Check them out checking my biceps—what an odd couple!

The overwhelming feeling I got from the club was its comfy, cordial "welcome to Chicago" type atmosphere. As it turns out there are tons of gay conventioneers and tourists who find a relaxing refuge amidst the club's carnally closed-door camraderie. The feeling of brotherhood and unity I've found between gays all over the country is really a wonderful thing. If everyone could get together the way these guys seem to have, the world would certainly be a happier place to hang out in.

If you're in Chicago and want to check out the gay scene you can easily pick up a copy of GAY LIFE, free at most bars around town or you can go to a disco called Sundays between Hubbard and Clark Street to pick up GAY CHICAGO which will cost you 50 cents. These two are the biggest and best of the underground papers. Listed will be all types of activities and opportunities to meet other gay guys.

If, however, you're only interested in 'steaming' out your frustrations, check out the Ohio-State Health Club. It gets the CHERI stamp (and mine too!) of approval.

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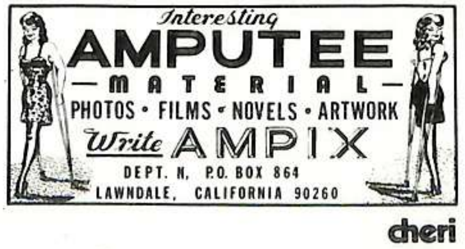

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FANTA-SWING

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entitle you to enter without paying anything at the door. And we'll have great parties—Roman orgy nights with tables spread with luscious food, buffet style, and pitchers of wine . . ."

They're very insistent on the fact that "Our parties are primarily *social*—sex is a *secondary* thing. Everyone knows it'll probably happen, but it's socializing first, when we enjoy each other, eat, drink, tell jokes, just have a good time. Our bi-monthly social averages one hundred couples—*loving* couples, we don't even use the term swingers.

"What it's all about, really, is love," Woody told me with his usual outspoken candor. He obviously enjoys explaining his sexual philosophy to an agreeable audience like us. "We're all swingers so we don't have to go out and play silly games with people. Why should I sit in a bar and spend $50 trying to put the make on a broad? By the time I've got her home I'm too drunk to fuck her anyway. Not that swinging is just a cheap fuck. We believe absolutely in our alternate lifestyle. We believe in sex, we're wide open about that. We're not the businessman who goes to work every day and gets hot for his secretary and finally maneuvers her into a motel. That's dishonest and basically, cheating. We're completely honest about our swinging. Even Peg's mother knows, though I'll admit mine is from the old country and couldn't possibly understand. But why be ashamed? We're so much more together," he added somewhat boastfully, "than the normal fool that walks the earth that it's *unreal*."

Maybe so. Certainly they get a lot more sex. The party we attended was a nice bawdy bash—where, to my amazement, a number of men came up and propositioned me for their *wives*! I'd never even heard of that before. Plus, the husband wanted to watch. I couldn't quite get into it, once I understood exactly what it was they had in mind. Female homosexuality was definitely more prevalant than male.

"Women loving other women is just fine out here," Peg told me, "but male to male won't make it. A man is out to prove his masculinity to women, and getting together with another man is no way to do that."

"But still," insisted Woody, "it's there, and you can't deny it. It's just not as open as the girls'. And even women aren't as free, on their own, with other women, as they are as half of a couple. The bi men aren't free at all. I know *I* wouldn't enjoy a scene with a man. If I were part of a group, and two men started to get it on in front of me, I wouldn't be offended. Anything goes."

Well . . . almost anything. Insisting that they're only into love, Woody and Peg refuse to turn their socials into anything like a circus. "None of that masochistic stuff, bondage—that would make us some kind of freaks."

Like all the swingers I've met, they have very strong rules of conduct for coming together. I'll tell you, I find many of the rules selfish. Why do they always have to have extra sex together? Why is it so immoral for one or the other to go off with a separate partner at a separate time?

"We only make love," Woody stressed, "at the same time at the same party. If we wanted to do it differently, what's the sense of our being together? We love each other deeply, but we also have the desire for others. But we don't switch separately—only together, with the full knowledge that our partner has the same freedom. She doesn't go to work and fool around with her boss, I don't go after my secretary—we don't cheat on each other at all.

What would they consider cheating? I wondered. "Lying—that's where you create a problem. You've got to be totally open. Sometimes we even watch each other making love to other people . . . many times we'll make love to the same girl. At one party Peg came to me with a young woman and we did a beautiful scene together."

Woody and Peg organize homey socials where X-rated films are available, food on certain occasions and liquor is b.y.o.b. I was told about one high-roller, though, who bought two floors in a high-rise building, knocked out half the floor between and put in 30-foot red velvet swings. His parties are said to do credit to Fatty Arbuckle, as the rest of the second floor is helpfully divided into plush bedrooms. They're serious about their swinging out here, I assure you. As Peg's mother remarked about her daughter's passionate party life, "If it works for you —it's great."

THE SLAVE TRADE

(Continued from page 29)

tighten the cords some more and whip me hard, Master, for I know that pleases you.'

God! I can almost feel that crop (which happens to be my favorite kind of whip). I am also partial to nipple clamps. But the feelings which you share are the biggest turn-on of all. It also should satisfy the first writer I quoted who wanted to read about the love a slave feels for the master. But, as can be seen from the above letter, people can only love each other if they are persons enough to say "I".

The sexiest story of the month comes from the following reader:

Since your readers are writing to you and telling you their stories, I thought it would be nice if you would know of my fascinating life with a very pretty little pixie who is my slave girl.

Her name is R., she is now 19-years-old and stands 4'10", weighs all of 92 lbs. and has the most perfectly proportioned body I have ever seen. Sound like a dream girl? She is but she is really true. And best of all, she is an 'M' by her own free choice.

I met her about a year ago. She used to be a waitress in the restaurant I ate lunch at. I always managed to sit at one of her tables and eventually we got acquainted, casually . . . . about seven months ago . . . . she was pouring coffee for me and spilled some on my legs. I gritted my teeth to keep from yelling, but Damn, did it ever burn. She apologized over and over to me, got a towel and attempted to dry me. While she was drying me, I whispered in her ear, 'I ought to spank you for this.' I was rather surprised to hear her whisper back to me 'you really should, I deserve it' . . . . When I left, I handed her a piece of paper with my address on it. The note also said, 'Be at this address at 7:00 PM tonight'. When the doorbell rang at 6:55, I answered it, dressed only in a pair of jeans and house slippers. When I opened the door—there stood my darling little pixie dressed in shoes, no hose, mini skirt and blouse. Her cute little nipples were pressing against her blouse so I knew she had no bra. Her eyes were down-cast and her hands were folded behind her back. She broke the silence by announcing "I am here for my spanking". I took her by the hand and let her to the sofa where we both sat and talked for a few minutes. She was starting to get fidgity so I took her over my lap and raised her mini skirt. She was wearing a very sexy pair of bikini panties over her very pretty bottom. I looked at her pretty face and asked her if she wanted it on the panties or the bare bottom. She opened her eyes and glanced up at me. 'That's for you to decide, not me' she said. I removed her panties and glanced again at her face, where a pretty smile had formed. I began with light spanks alternately on each cheek and, as they reddened I increased the tempo and the force. By the time her cheeks were completely red, she was gyrating her hips. She was not flinching, she was actually grinding her loins into my legs. . . .

Needless to say, the relationship flourished. In the course of his eight page letter, this master described many erotic forms of enslavement he devised for his little bird. My favorite passage follows:

She had been extra mischievous that evening. I think it was because I made her wear an extra-short mini skirt and a ball tickler in her cunt with a saddle strap all day long. The ball tickler is a metal capsule about an inch in diameter and three inches long and it has b-b's inside that roll around and rattle . . . . I always tell her that she is not to get her panties messy when she wears it or I'll whip her pussy.

When we were driving home that day after work, she pulled her skirt up and spread her legs and told me to feel her panties. I did and they were quite wet. 'See what that damn thing does to me—it gets me so sexy I could climb the walls', she said. I laughed, so did she. 'I suppose I'm going to get my pussy whipped for getting my panties messy.' I informed her she certainly would . . . . I made her strip completely including the saddle strap but I made her keep the ball tickler inside of her cunt. First I tied the strings with weights to her nipples. Then I placed three clothespins to each cunt lip. I made her get down on her hands and knees while I selected a springy switch. I whipped her lovely ass, first across it and then I stood astraddle her and whipped her ass vertically . . . . Then I removed the clothespins from her cunt lips. She lay down on her back on the floor. I knelt astraddle her. She spread her legs and I whipped her pussy until it was pink, too.

It reminds me of when my master would make me wear a large dildo in either my ass or my cunt, depending on his orders, and carry on as if nothing were happening out of the ordinary. He would also make me wear nipple clamps under my blouse and act in public as if I were not in pain. (I was!!!)

Once, he took me up a church belfry while I had on nipple clamps weighted down with heavy metal balls. As the church bells tolled, he made my bells toll by snapping them through the blouse. Later he took me downstairs to the pews where people were watching a wedding in progress. We sat among the audience. Suddenly, he pulled my head down. No! He wasn't! He was actually making me suck his cock in church. In a terse voice, he whispered, "Take what I give you." Suddenly my mouth was filled with a liquid that tasted somewhat like blood. I swallowed it quickly, thinking it was cum, but soon realized that it was really piss. A baptism of sorts and what better place for a baptism than in church.

I see from Maureen Murphy's column that she has gone dominant. Remember, Marreen, I was one of the first to tell you. Until next month . . . .

Terry Kolb

HUSTLE A GO-GO

(Continued from page 40)

owner Ronald Occhino notes, he's not worried. "We still have the law on our side." They're open six nights a week, with no cover charge.

Johnny O's is a very controversial club in the boundary between Indiana and Illinois. "When we first opened," one of the dancers told me, "I heard stories that a group of old ladies, church ladies came in and sat at the bar—the one up close, the one we call the snatch bar—when they didn't have any luck closing us down. And believe me, they've tried everything else since!"

But the place is still going strong, and I mean strong, with wide-open go-go, stripping and some very responsive audiences. The girls are great dancers who hustle drinks betweentimes. "We keep on our toes, oh yeah," one told me. When I remarked that I didn't notice an overwhelming amount of audience reaction one night, she said, "These guys are a bunch of deadbeats . . . but others are so hot. These guys, you ask them why they don't applaud after a good number and they'll sit there looking bored. Finally they'll tell you, oh, I'm aplauding in my mind. But we also get couples, middle-class, upper-class, guys in everything from construction jeans to three-piece suits, and a lot of them really like us, so it evens out."

They must like something to pay seven dollars for a fruit drink and about ten minutes of close companionship. I noticed that Johnny O's is a lot more appealing than the nude go-go joints all over Rush Street. And the business of buying a girl a drink—that type of discussion used to be illegal in my day in Washington. The man had to make all the advances, including the offer of payment for the drink, or the girl would be accused of soliciting. But the law is different here, and the girls work comfortably within its limitations. The waitress comes over when a girl sits down, and the girl says to her man, "What are you drinking? I'll have one too." She gets a small commission on the sale.

There's none of the fierce competition I used to see in certain clubs when I was dancing, where girls would nudge each other aside when a wealthy-looking patron came through the door. "The way men dress these days," I was told here, "who can tell who they really are? He could be a millionaire in levis and old boots. Sure, I'll admit we each work to get as many drinks out of him as we can. We're all good at that. But men are different, so our tactics vary too. Some are very bashful, shy and withdrawn. The thing there is to get them to smile. If a guy comes in in a very impressive outfit, you gauge your conversation according to what you think matches his background. Maybe he wants a silly little girl, maybe he wants a more sophisticated woman—if you're hip you pick up the vibes right away. Looks sure aren't everything—you find that out fast here. There's a book, *Conversations in the Combat Zone* that really says it all."

Honey is an adorable young girl whose freshness and sparkle leap out at you from across the snatch bar. When I asked her what she'd be doing if she weren't dancing, she said, "Probably sleeping. But I definitely plan to stick with this profession . . . to strip 'till I can't strip no more. I've got at least ten, twelve more years. I know that after you get too old . . ."

The dear child! How old did she think *I* was? But I felt statistics would only confuse her. Honey is truly pure of heart. "I really don't have any idea about the future. I don't want to get married, and I've never wanted to date anyone I've met here—never! I get hustled a lot, guys offering me money, but I have no desire for that either. What I'm doing now suits me fine. I love to dance—I could dance forever."

Some of the other girls, interestingly enough, are happily married hausfraus. One of their stage sisters told me, "The husbands get a little bit jealous, and that turns them on, gets them excited, it seems. Anyway, working at Johnny O's hasn't broken up any marriages that I've heard about."

Looking at the whole scene, I see nothing, even with the hustling of fruit drinks, to get those Baptists so beside themselves. The city of Chicago caters to the temptations of the flesh in fine style, and I say more power to it. The idea of 1,000 self-righteous parishioners forming a Citizens Committee for Decency and storming the snatch bar is more hilarious than anything else. If these good people could have seen some of the vicious exploitation of human loneliness I've run across in my day, they'd be a lot more sensitive to the obvious needs of the men in their community, and shut up.

ADMIRAL THEATRE

(Continued from page 37)

welcoming customers on a first-name basis against a cheery background of plastic flowers and coming attractions.

"Sure, we're all good friends," says Pat, "and when they come here it's not just catching some sex flick on an off-night—it's a real evening out. We get calls from surrounding suburbs—surrounding states! Customers who drive 100 miles from Wisconsin and Indiana for our evening shows, especially with a personal appearance. The transient trade, they can hit one of the houses downtown—our official policy caters primarily to couples."

Both men work at least a 12-hour day, and in their devotion they've made quite a study of audience response, which I found fascinating. "Women, particularly, are less and less inhibited now—you can actually *see* the change. By actual count we get 30% female patronage on the weekends. Mostly as half a couple, but also with girlfriends and now and then alone. In the six years we've been here they've really opened up, and they *don't* walk out covering their faces anymore, either.

"The films," Pat went on, "are liberating in more ways than one. A good many couples are sent here by their psychologists and marriage counselors. We have the distinction —no lie—of being the only X-rated house in Chicago that therapists recommend. A doctor will call, Could I let such-and-such a couple up into the balcony to see, say, *Anyone But My Husband*? Maybe it's their first time and he feels it'll be a mental help to the wife. But hey, don't get the idea they *do* anything up there! We don't allow . . . oh, petting or anything like that. The moment somebody starts getting horny the man on the floor says, 'Cool it—watch the show, don't *be* the show.' That's not what the doctor had in mind. What he really wants is for his patients to fantasize, maybe relive a good sexual experience, to get rid of the hangups."

Weekends, the balconies are for couples, with single men tactfully directed downstairs. But as far as we could see there wasn't a rambunctious freak or weirdo in the lot—I should've been so lucky as a stripper! Even during our most appreciative autograph sessions, no rude remarks were passed; everyone stood in line and chatted pleasantly. Wouldn't you know it—as soon as I leave the business, the audience decides to grow up!

"Now the live shows—all our patrons are crazy about them. We have the best and the most, while the others may have an autograph session in the lobby now and then. We started this back in 1974, with Tina and Jason Russell. Then we started getting requests. Of course, being in Chicago, we're at something of a disadvantage. The real action's in New York or San Francisco, and we don't get the opportunity to mingle with these people first. As a result we just guess, or go by requests. If someone appeals to us, we'll call a producer or distributor and try to make contact.

"And we've had some wild women here. Leslie Bouvee is very popular—we've had her twice after that movie, *China Girl*. A girl usually gets up and tells the audience a bit about her background. In Leslie's case she's quite a dncer, so she did a little strip and posed, inviting the audience to participate, answering their questions all the way through . . . very candid. We've had so many requests for her to come back.

"Then there was C.J. Laing . . . the mouth on that girl! She's so hot on the screen. To be a successful porn girl, first, you've gotta give great head on film and second, you've gotta be bisexual—that's what people want to see. The thing with C.J., though, was that she was too strong on our stage. Like when a guy yells from the audience, what's the biggest tool you've ever taken, she yelled right back, what kind of a question is that? I had a *hacksaw* up there once! Now an answer like that tends to discourage further questioning, if you see what I mean.

"We've thinking of having Leslie again, and Annette Haven—we had her once—Linda Wong, Annie Sprinkle and Johnny Holmes. The ones that get our audiences really worked up. People are really curious about them. You take that Leslie Bouvee scene in the boiler room, with the four guys on her at once, jackin' off, suckin' off and all covered with oil. What with the sound of the machinery, it came off fantastic, but your audience wants to know—was it real? They're not looking for gimmicks in a film. No sir, they just want good, hot sex they can relate to, nothing unnatural. Although the golden showers question is beginning to pop up from the audience, I have noticed that."

Of course I wondered about the wisdom of having Johnny Holmes making a personal appearance. Although he's famous for this, wouldn't a man—all sex-film patronage is predominantly male, no matter how 'liberated' women become—be intimidated by seeing the schlongmeister in the flesh?

"I thought so too," said Mario. "But then they had him at one of the gay houses, and some of our straight friends—couples—called up and said they'd gone down to see him and they liked him a lot. Now they want him here with the girls. They want to ask him why he always has to come outside of them, if girls can really take him all the way, or is all the action fake? Or good editing? People are really curious about this. No matter how hot the film is, they still want the real thing right in front of them. They want the facts."

THE BEEHIVE

(Continued from page 26)

Warren called, "Knockers Up" and Rene Dubois, a very pretty young thing with a lot of talent. One of the most outstanding girls I ever worked with at the Plaza is Sexy Lady.

Sexy Lady is indeed a "sexy lady" off-stage as well as on. Before she became a stripper she owned a beauty shop and always looks as if she just stepped out of one. She is sexy from head to toe, her hair, nails, make-up, trim figure, tight sexy clothes, matching rings, bracelets, earrings, necklaces and sexy high-heeled shoes. The men go crazy over her as she walks down the street. They softly whisper, "Sexy . . ." as she walks by, and she rolls her eyes, smiles and replies, "Sexy is my name." Her measurements are 34-23-40. She is very proud of her firm, round "Culo". "Culo" is Spanish for ass. She said she loves burlesque and makes much more money showing her pussy than when she had her beauty shop.

Sexy Lady was born in Spain, but was raised in Cuba. Her mother and brothers and sisters still live in Cuba, although Sexy Lady is an American citizen. She hopes the United States will resume diplomatic relations with Cuba soon.

I asked Sexy Lady what Castro did about the prostitutes. She said he put them in homes and taught them to do other jobs. She said Castro used to have a big cock on him, but Batista had it cut off, and that's why Castro isn't married. Sexy Lady's ex-husband was a diplomat in Cuba, and she has a beautiful 14-year-old daughter in a boarding school in Ohio.

Sexy Lady started stripping in New Orleans, but she has traveled all over the world. She came to Washington, D.C., after performing in Richmond, Virginia. She said they will never forget her there. She does a sexy provocative dance, driving the men crazy, as they scream for more. They don't want her to leave the stage at the end of her show.

During part of her act she makes it look as if she is fucking the heel of her shoe. Everyone asks if the shoe really goes into her pussy, but she says it is her secret act. She does a wild scene with a stuffed camel which has a big hump on it, a provocative tongue, and a tail that sometimes looks as if it goes into the pussy too.

Sexy Lady says men call her on the phone and "hi-jack". Her English isn't too good. She means jacking off when she says "hi-jack".

Sexy Lady has a very unusual life story to tell. She is writing a book in Spanish to be translated into English. She also writes beautiful poetry.

She has a beautiful spirit as well as a beautiful body. A poor, ragged man came to the ticket window of a burlesque theater once, trying to sell a watch. The grouchy ticket lady told him to take that watch back to whoever he stole it from. But good-hearted Sexy Lady told him she would help him sell it. The price tag on the watch said $200, but he said he would sell it for $49. Sexy Lady asked the owner if he wanted it. He said he would give $15 for it. Sexy Lady made several trips up and downstairs relaying messages before she finally took the $15 to the poor, ragged man, causing a big smile to come across his face. I told her that God will shower many blessings upon her for that.

Sexy Lady says that a lot of women are jealous of her, so most of her friends are men. She says I am one of the few women who isn't jealous of her. I replied that if I were to become jealous of every woman who is sexier than I am, I'd have to be jealous of MILLIONS of women, so why bother to become jealous at all?

That reminds me, you Farrah Fawcett-Majors fans who have saved her beautiful pin-up poster from the March 29 issue of the *Star* should check out the other side of it. On the back of the poster is an article entitled, "What Women Really Say (and think) About Men". They printed my comment about men on that page, under my legal name, Betty Jane Allsup, of Washington, D.C. I love reading the *Star* and highly recommend it. I am an Aquarian, and so is Farrah. I am so thrilled at having something published in a non-porno newspaper that I am going to send some things in to *Reader's Digest* now. *Alfred Hitchcock Magazine* recently rejected the mystery fiction short story I sent. I doubt if *True Romance* would buy it, either. If all else fails, maybe I can add a few dirty words to it and put it in CHERI. FUCK, SUCK, SHIT PISS, MOTHERFUCKER, ASSHOLE, TITS, CUNT COCK, BALLS, PUSSY IN THE GOLD FISH BOWL. Maybe I'll even try poetry. For CAT FANCY or something.

I'm sorry I didn't make it to the Hookers Masquerade Ball, February 14, in New York. I had to work the Plaza Theater that week. I flew to New York the weekend before the ball, however, to visit friends. I carried my invitation on the plane. When the guy I sat next to asked why I was going to New York, I told him I was on my way to the Hookers Ball and showed him my invitation. He got a laugh out it and wasn't shocked at all. His name was Stephen, a computer expert from a Washington, D.C. suburb. I told him about CHERI, saying he'd be in this issue.

On Ash Wednesday, February 23, I appeared on the Panarama TV show, WTTG-TV, Channel 5 in Washington, D.C., to discuss the decriminalization of prostitution. The very handsome Marion Barry, a Councilman on the City Council here in D.C. (whom I voted for) said that he was in favor of making prostitution legal. Also on Panarama that day was an attorney, William Martin, who used to be a prosecutor. He said the Prostitution cases were clogging up the courts and costing taxpayers money that could be used for more important things. I read from a report Father Genska sent me, stating that New York City received a federal grant of $432,001 for its current "clean up" campaign, and the D.A. says he needs $250,000 more to prosecute the new cases under the new prostitution law. Each woman in prison costs the taxpayers $15,000 a year. No wonder New York went bankrupt! Wouldn't it be nice if that money could be used to build a modern apartment building at low cost rent, to replace some rat-infested buildings in New York slums?

The very astute hostess, Pat Mitchell, said that instead of spending that money on hookers, we could RECEIVE a fortune from them on income tax, if prostitution were legal. I said the C.O.Y.O.T.E. position is that prostitution should be free to operate as any other business does.

Reverend Kenneth Lee, Bible Presbyterian Church, quoted the Bible a lot, saying we can not legalize the sin of prostitution any more than the sin of murder. The City Councilman, Marion Barry, replied that prostitution is with a person's consent, but who is going to consent to get murdered?

Some nice elderly lady called in with the comment that the Bible was written by man, not God and said, "That poor girl has just as much right to heaven" as the Reverend has. I said that I think God created sex as a joke, and some poor fool took it seriously, and called it a sin. That got a good laugh. Reverend Lee has a good sense of humor. I feel he is good-hearted, even though he is misguided. When I started talking about my hooking days, how I had been in bed with a President of the United States, a Senator, a Governor, two Ambassadors to the U.N., two union leaders, and a Pulitzer Prize winning author, Reverend Lee interrupted modestly with, "Confession is good for the soul." We all laughed at that.

The assistant producer, Gay Hubert, was very charming, and I hope to do more work with Panarama TV show in the future.

Some of the staff carried signs off camera, telling me to say the name of the President and Senator, but I said it would be more of a sin to tell their names and cause them harm than it was to go to bed with them.

I finally got some 8" x 10" glossy pictures of my face ready to send CHERI fans. I am afraid to send nude pictures through the mail. I hope you don't mind. I might get arrested anyway, because some people think my FACE is obscene. I'm also getting post cards made up of me and my shopping cart. I am keeping a mailing list of your addresses, so if you get the 8" x 10" glossy first, don't worry. The psotcards will be there too, in time.

BLIND IS BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from page 10)

always have since I was about four.

CHERI: Really?

Pamela: Yeah, but I never shared it with too many other kids until I was about eight. Then I used to go with my brothers and sisters and maybe a couple of friends and we'd go off and masturbate together.

CHERI: Did you play doctor or did you get right down to it?

Pamela: No, we pretty well got right down to it. They'd watch me and of course I couldn't watch them but I could feel them.

CHERI: Did you masturbate the boys?

Pamela: (laughs) I didn't really get to do that as well 'cause they were too young to really . . . you know.

CHERI: So how did you feel them when they were masturbating?

Pamela: I'd just watch them do it with their hand. I'd say, "Let me see what you look like," and of course the only way I can do that is to touch them. That would turn them on, but they were only about eight-years-old so I didn't get much out of it until I was older.

CHERI: Do you masturbate for men now?

Pamela: Yeah, I like to do that. If they like it I don't mind doing that at all. I have quite a few vibrators if they want me to do it with that or else, they can just fuck me. I let my boyfriends take pictures of me if they want to.

CHERI: And your girlfriends, do you make love to them with vibrators or dildos?

Pamela: Ahhh, yeah, yes. That sometimes helps to get into it. You know, some of the girls like to masturbate first.

CHERI: How do you meet your lovers for the most part?

Pamela: Well, there are quite a few bars around here. I go to them. I went on the Queen Mary for New Year's, for example, and at two or three in the morning my boyfriend wanted to take some pictures of me up on the sundeck. There weren't too many people around. So I went out there bottomless (laughs). I like to flash you know, but of course I have to have someone with me to make sure I can do it. You know what I mean? So I did that and he took pictures of me doing it on the Queen Mary. He even talked me into going to the men's room and trying it. (Laughs.) I took a chance doing that. I like to go different places if I've got someone with me I can trust to make sure I don't get in trouble; legally I should say.

CHERI: Where do you generally go to flash?

Pamela: Well, sometimes I go into department stores and I don't wear anything under my dress and I go up escalators. I like to go in bars, but it's kind of hard there in a way because the lighting isn't too good they say, you know, but I try anyway. (Laughs.) I also do it in women's restrooms just to see if . . . well, that way I can sometimes find a girl that is interested.

CHERI: Do you meet many women that way?

Pamela: (Laughing) Not as many as I would like. They're a little afraid to come out with it, especially me being blind, it kind of scares them away. But sometimes it helps because they come up to me and they don't think I can see them, which I can't, so they really come on to me. And once they find out I like it I start feeling them in the restroom, or whatever and they'll say, "Would you like to go out and try it somewhere we could do it better?" So I either invite 'em home or someplace where I'm familiar with my surroundings.

CHERI: Are you very promiscuous? Do you have an awful lot of lovers?

Pamela: Well, I'd say . . . maybe two or three a month I'll try, you know. If I want to I'll meet them through my other friends, or go out if I want to try something like . . . really turn it on. Flashing it, or getting a really neat response out of 'em, I'll go out somewhere they don't know me.

CHERI: Are you into assholes?

Pamela: Yeah. (Enthusiastically.) I mean to a certain extent. I don't mind fooling around with them.

CHERI: But you wouldn't marry one?

Pamela: (Laughs.) No, no. I wouldn't marry an asshole.

CHERI: Well, that lets me out.

Pamela: I wouldn't say that at all. I like to get fingered in my ass. Once in a while if I get a guy I think is pretty cool-headed I'll let him do it in my ass. I'm a little more particular about that because I don't like pain.

CHERI: How about cocks, do you like cocks?

Pamela: Oh, I love them.

CHERI: Unusually big ones?

Pamela: No, I wouldn't say that. When I go with a guy they always say, "Is my cock big enough?" and I said, "Well, I don't care about that, I just want to know how you use it." You know, I don't like teensy-teensy, you know what I mean, bitsy ones. But I like all sizes. I don't mind the little ones, suck on them they get harder. But actually, they're better in the asshole. No, they're all good, one way or the other.

CHERI: Do you like sucking really big cocks?

Pamela: Yeah, sure, any size. I like to suck cock 'cause they always get so excited.

CHERI: Are you really into deep throat?

Pamela: Pretty much. I like to get it way down my mouth.

CHERI: What particularly do you like a lover to do to really make you hot?

Pamela: Well, I like to be touched; and if they will, 'cause I can't see 'em, just start rubbing on my leg or holding onto my hands or anything just so I get some feeling. Then, if I have a chance, I like to French kiss a lot. That gets me really hot. If we're not too much in public I like to get fingered. I can sometimes get quite a good climax sitting there like that in a bar where it's dark enough that we can do that.

CHERI: Are you really into kissing?

Pamela: I'm not into a lot of kissing but I like it. If I'm turned on by a person I enjoy French kissing.

CHERI: How about your breasts? How do you like a man, or a woman for that matter, to treat them?

Pamela: Well, I like them to be sucked on quite a bit but I don't like them to be bitten. I've had a few guys who like to bite and if they like to bite too much . . . I have rather large nipples and they're quite sensitive. My breasts are about thirty-six inches and they're firm, they don't sag or anything. I like to have them touched and rubbed and kissed.

CHERI: Have you ever made love to several people at one time?

Pamela: Yes. I get into that quite a bit. I've made it with two guys and a girl, and I thought that was pretty good. (Laughs.) And I haven't had the opportunity to get more than one girl together, unfortunately, but I have time yet. I'd like to try that, too.

CHERI: When you're in a group of people, are most of them sighted, or do you have many blind lovers as well?

Pamela: When I first started out I was exposed mostly to blind people because I didn't go to regular high school until I was about fifteen. Then I was exposed to a lot of sighted people, of course. Right now it's primarily sighted. In fact right now I don't know any blind people who are quite as open in the head as I am and that's unfortunate—but I'm new in California. I haven't gotten to meet too many. People's heads are more open. Believe it or not, you may not think I go to "X" rated movies, but I do. Some people say, "You go to 'X' rated movies? You can't see 'em." You know. But I take somebody with me who'll describe it in great detail. And I like listening to the people in the movie.

CHERI: And you get finger-fucked while you're watching?

Pamela: Yeah, or I'll suck him off. If I can, I'll suck the guy off. I really enjoy going to them because when I get home I get really—horny.

CHERI: What's your favorite movie?

Pamela: One of my favorites was *The Cheerleaders*. And . . . I shouldn't mention this because it was "R" rated but I liked *Butterflies Are Free*. Did you see that one?

CHERI: No, I didn't. Did that make you very horny?

Pamela: Yeah. It was actually kind of funny because there was a blind guy in it and it showed blind people like everybody else. I saw that shortly before I was raped.

CHERI: You were raped? How did that happen?

Pamela: I don't really like to think about it. I was in this bar and this guy offered me a ride home. I was in the front seat of his jeep and he took me by the neck and said he would hurt me if I didn't do what he told me. He made me suck his cock and ended up fucking me. It was so much—but I didn't enjoy it at all.

CHERI: Would you have made it with him anyway if he had asked you nicely?

Pamela: Yeah, I probably would have. But not that way. I'm not into pain at all.

CHERI: Are you very aggressive sexually?

Pamela: I wouldn't say I'm aggressive but I believe in equalism more or less. I don't believe that one person should dominate the other. I mean I've never had a thing where I felt I had to dominate, you know.

CHERI: Do you like to *be* dominated?

Pamela: No, not necessarily. I like to do what I want to do, and I like to feel comfortable. Anything in pain I don't like. I like to be pleasured. I'm not into bondage. (Laughs.) I've heard about it but it doesn't sound too good.

CHERI: Have you ever really had a solid relationship where you lived with somebody for awhile?

Pamela: Yeah. It was fine. I don't believe in jealousy-ownership but if I really like the guy I'll do it. If he wants to have a girl, fine. Anything we want to do, we'll get into it without having to explain it. If they want it any different, I don't want them. I'm pretty much against marriage. I believe in love but I don't think jealousy goes with love. Sex is just another good experience

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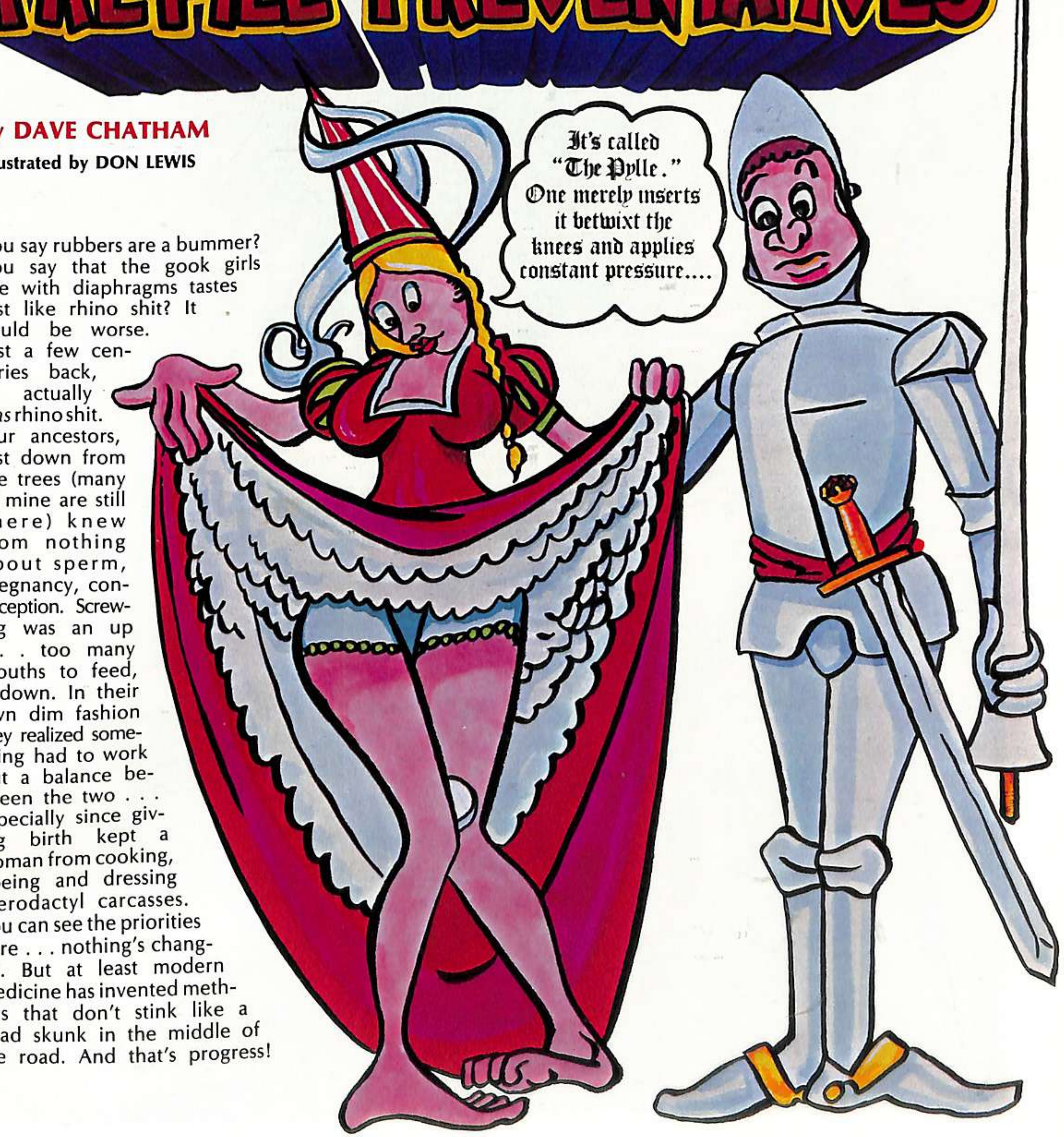
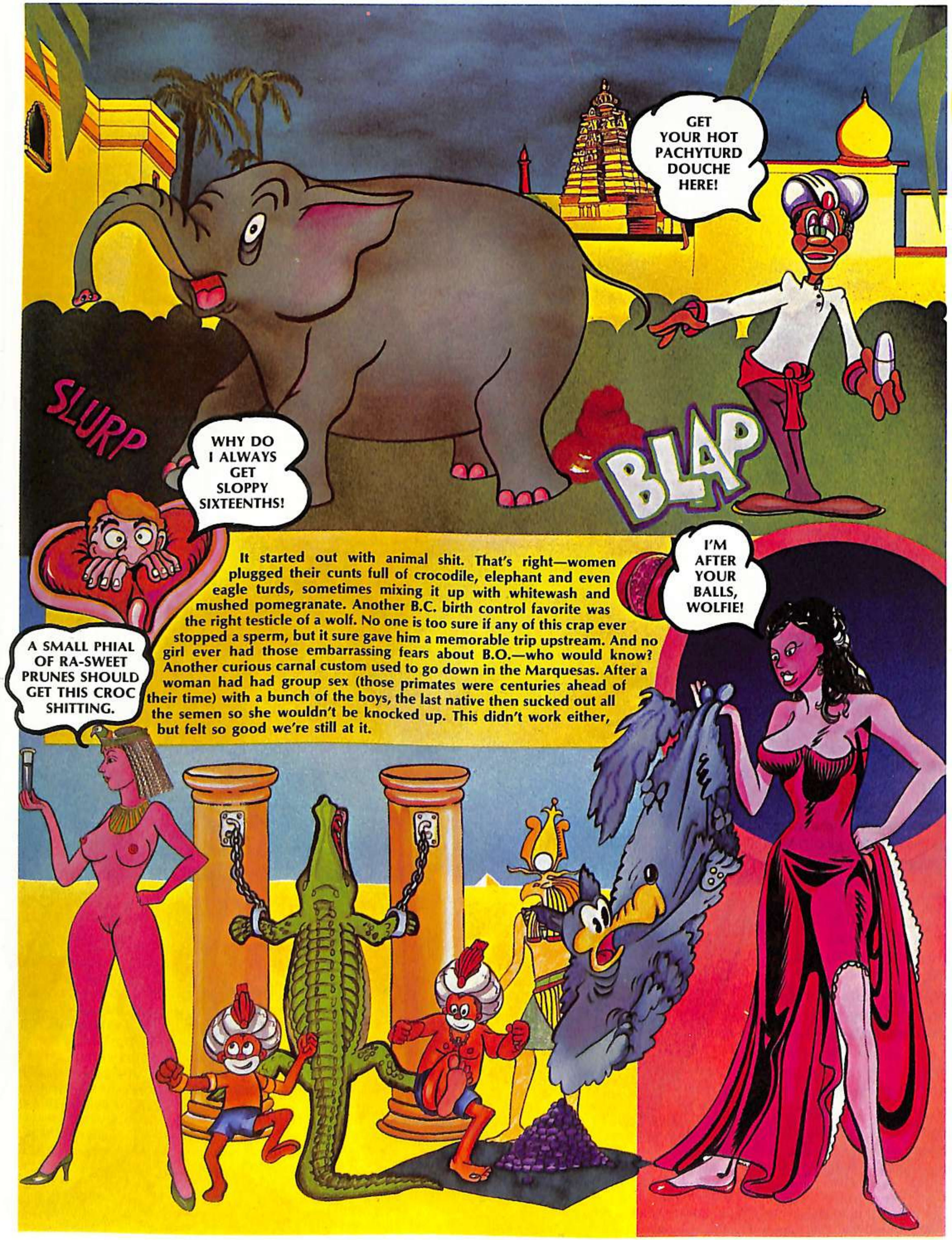
OF CROCODILE SHIT, WOLFBALLS, EARWAX, CHARCOAL, AND OTHER PRE-PILL PREVENTATIVES

By DAVE CHATHAM

Illustrated by DON LEWIS


It's called "The Pylle." One merely inserts it betwixt the knees and applies constant pressure....

You say rubbers are a bummer? You say that the gook girls use with diaphragms tastes just like rhino shit? It could be worse. Just a few centuries back, it actually *was* rhino shit. Our ancestors, just down from the trees (many of mine are still there) knew from nothing about sperm, pregnancy, contraception. Screwing was an up . . . too many mouths to feed, a down. In their own dim fashion they realized something had to work out a balance between the two . . . especially since giving birth kept a woman from cooking, hoeing and dressing Pterodactyl carcasses. You can see the priorities here . . . nothing's changed. But at least modern medicine has invented methods that don't stink like a dead skunk in the middle of the road. And that's progress!


SLURP
GET YOUR HOT PACHYTURD DOUCHE HERE!
BLAP
WHY DO I ALWAYS GET SLOPPY SIXTEENTHS!
I'M AFTER YOUR BALLS, WOLFIE!
A SMALL PHIAL OF RA-SWEET PRUNES SHOULD GET THIS CROC SHITTING.

It started out with animal shit. That's right—women plugged their cunts full of crocodile, elephant and even eagle turds, sometimes mixing it up with whitewash and mushed pomegranate. Another B.C. birth control favorite was the right testicle of a wolf. No one is too sure if any of this crap ever stopped a sperm, but it sure gave him a memorable trip upstream. And no girl ever had those embarrassing fears about B.O.—who would know? Another curious carnal custom used to go down in the Marquesas. After a woman had had group sex (those primates were centuries ahead of their time) with a bunch of the boys, the last native then sucked out all the semen so she wouldn't be knocked up. This didn't work either, but felt so good we're still at it.

HON
GLUP
PANT

SOME CASANOVA! I'VE SEEN SOME BETTER BRASS BALLS ON A MONKEY!
WITH ENEMAS LIKE THAT, WHO NEEDS FRIENDS?
WITH FRIENDS LIKE ME, WHO NEEDS ENEMAS?

Things got stranger. Some women mixed honey with feces in equal portions. Why did they do this? One writer noted that, while it probably didn't kill sperm, "It was bound to do a wonderful job of clogging up the works, so they couldn't move around."

Then there was the legendary Casanova. He carried a few gold balls around with him so his adoring women could slip them up there just before the rapturous moment; not for nothing was he known as as the man with the golden balls.

. . . Or douches, which never work either. One curious favorite was garlic and wine (which certainly must have tickled) mixed with parsley. Others are too nauseating even for us to mention. We've got some taste. . . .

Certain weird rituals were also in vogue. One Chinese philosopher told women to yell as loud as they could at the moment of climax—then take a deep breath, and no babies. Eh? Another suggested she jump backward across the room, again yelling at the top of her lungs. What could this do except keep the neighbors awake? However, to this day, there are women who feel that if they jump up and down right afterwards, all those bad sperm will fall out.

But the beat went on. One noted thinker suggested that, if the man thought of almost anything else (death, fucking ducks, taxes, the Yankees' chances in the Series) whilst coming, his lady wouldn't conceive. What do philosphers know?

WE WILL NOW PERFORM A RELIGIOUS RITUAL CALLED "NOT GETTING ANY."
I WILL NOW PERFORM A RELIGIOUS RITUAL CALLED "TAKING A COLD SHOWER."
SNIFF
FUCK A DUCK. . . .

The ancients also dreamed up fumigation of the cunt. After sex, one's lover squatted over a charcoal burner and let the smoke waft up. Next time you're barbecuing in the back yard, have your girl check it out. If she doesn't get a burned box, you could become a suburban sensation—and also, probably, a father.

Dr. Eugene Jonas of Prague—remember him?—heavy into astrology, decided that females had two fertile periods each month. One based on their menstrual cycle and the other with the phase of the moon at birth. By practicing a double-rhythm method, and steering clear of both—sex by the slide rule, so to speak—lovers took the worry out of clinging close. This insane idea—like Wayne Newton, neo-Nazism and chili-dog stands—is very popular on the Coast, where anything goes. but where, at least, you don't have to hold your nose.

DON'T WORRY, HARVEY, I *NEVER* GET PREGNANT . . . EXCEPT THAT ONCE. . . .
JUST MAKE SURE THE MIDDLE IS PROPERLY PINK.
BIG CHEF
UP YOUR ASS-TROLOGY! MY MOON WAS IN TAURUS AND HIS DINGUS WAS IN MY LINGUS AND NOW I'M *IN TROUBLE*!
CRASH
THUD
HEYY! BAGGIES AND RUBBER BANDS!

CHICAGO

(Continued from page 43)

approves." The things that seem to appeal least to swingers advertising are weirdos and fatties—although Woody and Peg suggest that there are special scenes for both in the Chicago area, depending on what your definition of a weirdo is.

Things get a little hotter with the *Chicago Midwest Hotline*, which covers every possible sex scene and has great ads like, Unique set of photos of Women Wrestling in Mud—$3.00!! Sex therapists answer readers' questions and the 'warm personals' get right to the point: "Montreal art student visits NY frequently—young, sensuous, sometimes naughty, wants part-time sugar daddy. Write Sonia." The *Hotline* intersperses quips, news items, trends, rumors and tips with photos of rather bawdy broads and an adorable dirty old man. Send $5 for the latest issue to P.O. Box 7425, Chicago, Ill. 60680 if this interests you at all.

All Together is a newspaper dedicated to alternate life styles—all of them. "If you're a woman, single parent, gay, divorced, widowed, never married, lesbian, bisexual, swinger, cohabitor, member of a corporate family, or just plain tired of an unresponsive system . . . you need *All Together*." Who exactly does that leave out? A happily married rattlesnake breeder in Amarillo? Anyway it's a great paper, with articles on King Kong's sex life, holistic health and the need to legaliize pot. *All Together* is very sincere about its mission, which is to aid those against whom life discriminates one way or another by joining together for protection. It offers a legal assistance program and eligibility for non-discriminatory insurance plans, and endless advice to those concerned about their legal and economic rights. For a fee of $10.00, you can plug into what seems to be a lifestyle service from the cradle to the grave, and I certainly find its concept intriguing. Write *All Together*, One East Wacker Drive, Suite 3500, Chicago, Illinois 60601.

I must confess that I am shamelessly in love with reporters—and now that I am one, I know why.

To connect the CHERI staff up with the proper media outlets, dear Irv threw a gala welcoming party at the Smugglers' Inn. I was guest of honor, exposed to many Chicago media men, who in turn exposed me on the air. I myself was waiting for the splendid Hugh O'Brian to show up, as he was in town for a play, but he must have taken a wrong turn on Lake Shore Drive. Anyway, it was a great bash, the CHERI staff conducting themselves with the customary bacchanalian abandon.

I must have *some* complaints about Chicago. The men are exquisite, the women are charming, the parties are lavish, the restaurants are sublime—but the wind. Yes, it really is windy. But so what? The warmth I met everywhere more than compensated for the early Spring chills. Chicagoans really work hard at having fun, and maybe it isn't as jaded or kinky as Times Square—but cleanliness, in this case, isn't anywhere near godliness, I'm happy to report.

KANSAS CITY STARK

(Continued from page 28)

billed on this occasion) having to follow Chelsea Day. If it disturbed her though, she was quick to hide it by greeting the audience with a big smile. The packed house was patient and understanding with the novice dancer, as the announcer had made them aware that it was her first dancing appearance. Personally, as I felt her nervousness, I also felt great empathy for my fellow erotic film actress, Suzy Humpfree, as she danced through to nudity without any previous experience or training in exotic dancing, in the midst of a stage full of professionals. Under the circumstances, she did okay, with the highlight being a provocative presentation of her really nice ass, for which the audience showed their appreciation.

Having since talked with others who saw her on stage the first week she was at the Old Chelsea Too, I have been told that Suzy wouldn't take off her clothes, wouldn't and couldn't, that she was terrible, and so on. Although I have never met Suzy Humpfree under any of her names, I must come to her defense. First, when *I* saw her, she danced. She also stripped completely, giving the audience good views of anything they could want to see. She smiled a lot, which I personally like. Yes, she was nervous, but then she sure wasn't bored. Perhaps, she can't dance as well as Chelsea Day, who's been dancing all her life, but who says Chelsea Day could star in a hard-core feature film, with lines, sucking cock, and all, as has Suzy Humpfree? Finally, if any of those tales about Suzy's first week were even partly true, look how far she had come by the time I saw her. I give her a big E for Effort and a big G for Guts.

After the stage show had concluded, we stayed for the films *Candy Lips*, starring Suzy Humpfree, and the co-feature, *A Climax of Blue Power*. The co-feature was shown first. I have no idea who made the film but I have to say the movie definitely did not appeal to my prurient interests. I will not even discuss it any further.

Candy Lips, starring Suzy Humpfree, was something in the way of a much needed reprieve after the previous film. And I was delighted to see one of my favorite people in it, Ras Kean (who plays the detective with whom I have a truly hot love-making scene in *Expose Me, Lovely*).

After leaving the theater we crossed the street to Judge Roy Bean's Saloon for cocktails before we continued our journey into K.C. adult entertainment. We started around noon and didn't quit until about 13 hours later, when we finished watching a super act at a Gay nightclub, which I shall tell about in a future column. On another night during my K.C. adventures this month, I discovered, accidentally, a really terrific singer in Edie, a female impersonator, with whom I had a wild discussion about cocksucking.

There's lots more happening here, also, as I keep discovering. Kansas City really can offer some variety in adult entertainment. Hopefully, there are signs that the quality of adult entertainment here is on the way up too, as the result of people such as the owners of the Avanti, who are willing to be innovators in the adult entertainment field.

Before concluding this month, my first erotic film, *Portrait*, made by Gerard Damiano, is back in K.C. and is making the rounds throughout the country again as well. If you missed it before and you'd like to see a really hot flick full of me, it's one to see. And I'll share a little secret. I still love to make love to it!

On that steaming note, I shall leave ya' all to your wet dreams! Until next time. . . .

Love and Kisses,
Jody Maxwell

TWIN CITY TWAT

(Continued from page 24)

fashion, so I shot pictures while John drove his eight-inches all the way up Fred's asshole. I put my dildo back on, and after John shot off in Fred's asshole, I got down and began to fuck Fred. John shot photos. Then I had Fred turn over. I slipped a pillow under his ass so that I could fuck him and suck his cock at the same time. This time he shot his load while I had his cock in my hand and my dildo up his ass. He came all over his belly, and I went down and licked the cum from his body. We rested and watched TV for the rest of the day, but that night I gave Fred another Golden Drink, and I sucked off both of the guys before we went to sleep.

Sunday morning I gave Fred his ultimate desire. I shit in his mouth! I am sorry to say that John was still sleeping and as you know, when you have to go, you have to go. Fred and I were sitting at the kitchen table talking and drinking coffee when I told him I had to go. He was in the bathroom before me and he sat on the floor with a towel in his hand. I backed up to his mouth, spread my legs, bent over, and let my shit slurp into his mouth. He didn't gag or spit, and he swallowed it all. As I said, John was sleeping, so we didn't get any photos of the action. That had been our main purpose in meeting with Fred in the first place, but there will be another time with our piss-drinking shit-eater.

Oh, by the way, we took Fred to the airport, and I wore my full-length leather coat with absolutely nothing under it. As he/we were waiting for the plane to leave I flashed my cunt for Fred in the terminal. I wonder if anyone else saw my still wet pussy.

I am leaving an open invitation for Kim Pope, Jody Maxwell, Renee Rousseau or any of the other girls who do columns for CHERI to spend a night, day or weekend with me/us in Minneapolis. All of us midwesterners aren't square . . .

All of you swingers or prospective swingers can write to me c/o CHERI, to tell me about any unusual experiences that you may have had, or any questions you may want to ask that will help you in pursuing your sexual desires. I would really dig getting a photo of you along with your letter. One thing, though—nothing turns me off more than a person who sends me a picture of just his hard cock or her wet cunt. I really don't dig writing to an organ, I dig writing to a person. Dig it?

'Till next month, Luv . . .

UP AND CUMMING....IN AUGUST
CHERI'S FIRST ANNIVERSARY SPECTACULAR

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